

NO.
2

SPRING 1942

The HANGMAN

COMICS

10c

**GANGLAND! BEWARE!!
The HANGMAN
Is Everywhere!!**



MORE SENSATIONAL THAN EVER!

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hillbilly Comics', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

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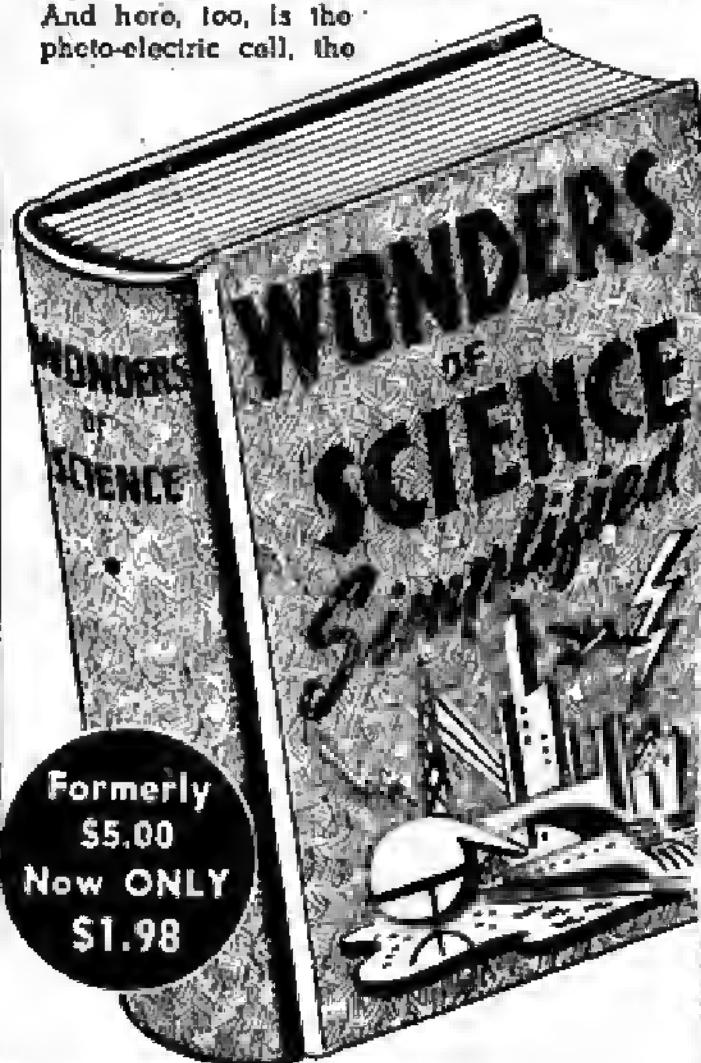
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HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.4

THE HANGMAN VS. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA

A GIGANTIC SCHEME WAS ONE DAY BORN IN THE BRAIN OF HITLER HIMSELF A SCHEME FOR THE QUICK CONQUEST OF THE U.S. - HE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED THE MOST RUTHLESS, MOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER OF HIS VASSALS CAPTAIN SWASTIKA TO EXECUTE IT, AND IN SO DOING, PRESENTED THE HANGMAN WITH HIS GREATEST FOE, YET!

ONE NIGHT, A REFUGEE SHIP STEAMS PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY INTO NEW YORK HARBOR...

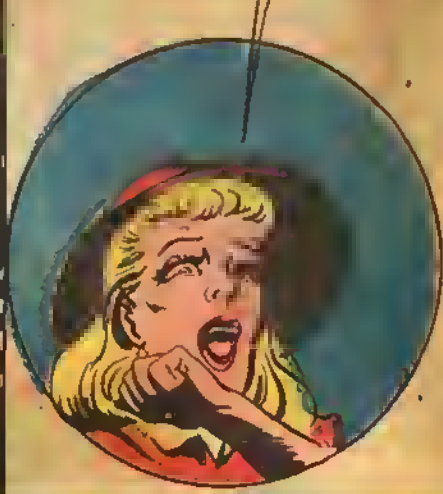
AMERICA AT LAST...
FREEDOM FROM PERSECUTION... I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D KNOW
IT AGAIN!



FREEDOM... EVEN AS ELSA IS
UTTERING THESE WORDS --
OMINOUS FIGURES IN HIDING
WATCH HER AS SHE DESCENDS
TO THE PIER...

AND, AS THOUGH SENSING
THEIR EVIL PRESENCE,
ELSA PEERS INTO
THE SHADOWS --
AND SEES --

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!

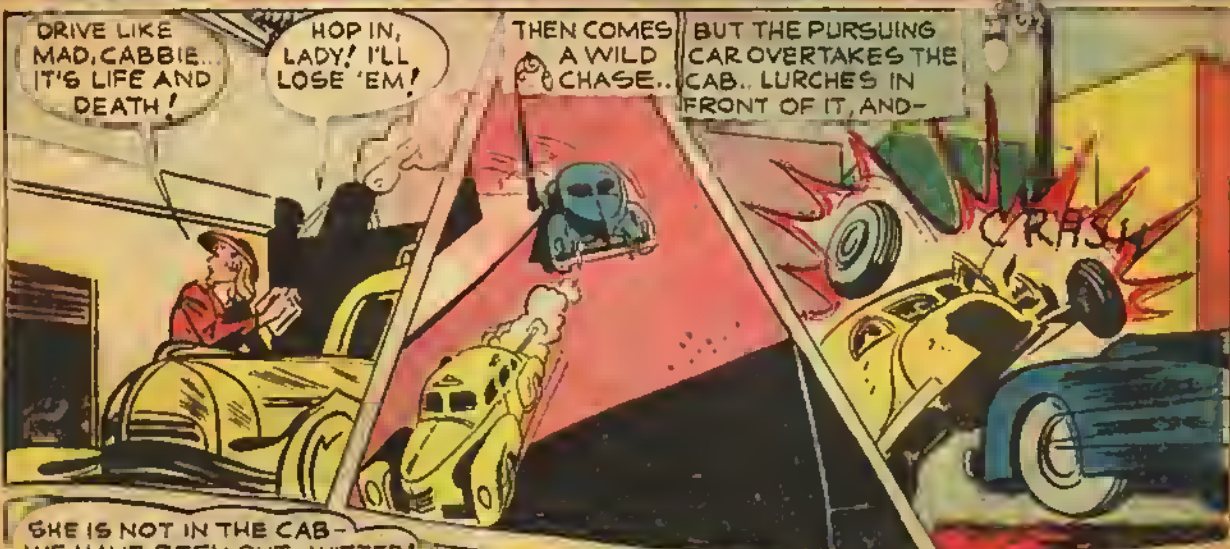


DRIVE LIKE
MAD, CABBIE!
IT'S LIFE AND
DEATH!

HOP IN,
LADY! I'LL
LOSE 'EM!

THEN COMES
A WILD
CHASE...

BUT THE PURSUING
CAR OVERTAKES THE
CAB.. LURCHES IN
FRONT OF IT, AND--



SHE IS NOT IN THE CAB--
WE HAVE BEEN OUT-WITTED!

DID SHE SAY
ANYTHING
TO YOU --
SPEAK,
SWINE!

SAY-A NAZI!!
GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YA LOUSE!
YA CAN'T BULL-
DOZE ME!



WE TAKE NO CHANCES THAT SHE HAS SAID ANYTHING TO THAT DOG! THAT ALLEY...IT IS THE ONLY PLACE SHE COULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT US SEEING HER...FOLLOW ME!



NOT HERE! SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO THIS HOUSE!



EKK...EZRA! LOOK...A MAN WITH A SWASTIKA!

YOU ARE HIDING A GIRL HERE...I WANT HER!

AIN'T NO GIRL HERE! SCAT, YOU NAZI!



DO NOT LIE TO ME, OLD FOOL!.. I KNOW SHE IS HERE!



I GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

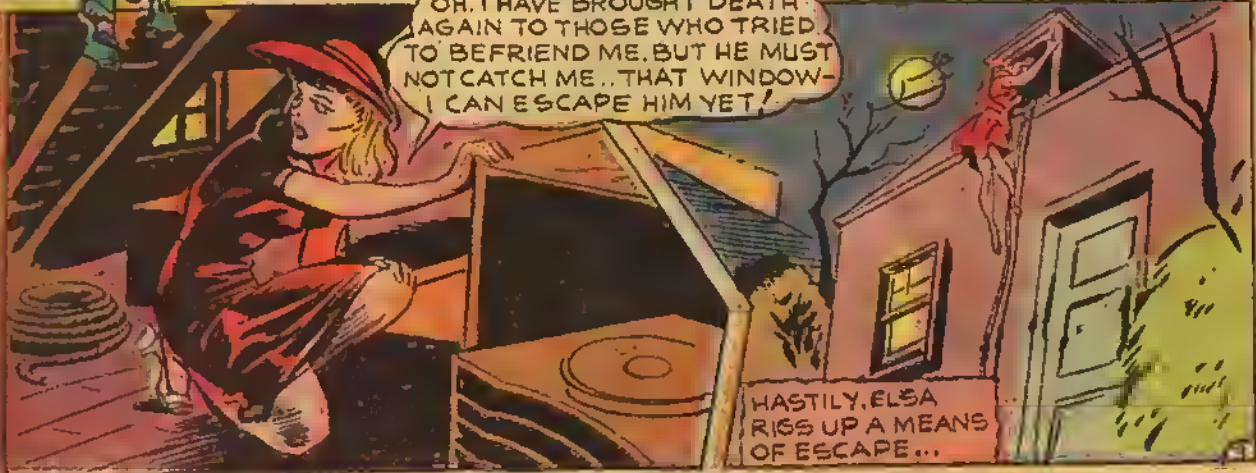
YOU GET OUTTA HERE, I TELL YA!



I WASTE NO MORE TIME WITH YOU!



OH, I HAVE BROUGHT DEATH AGAIN TO THOSE WHO TRIED TO BEFRIEND ME. BUT HE MUST NOT CATCH ME.. THAT WINDOW- I CAN ESCAPE HIM YET!



HASTILY, ELSA RIGGS UP A MEANS OF ESCAPE...

LIVES ARE NOT IMPORTANT, NOW... I MUST GET MY INFORMATION THROUGH!



FRANTICALLY, THE GIRL FLEES THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...

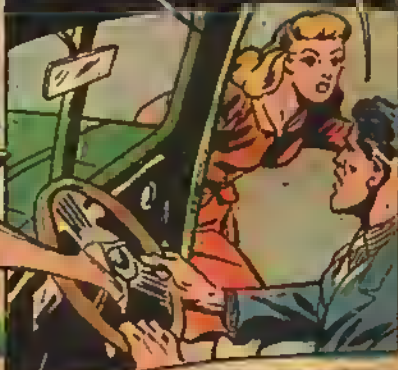
THAT CAR... I'LL GET IN THERE!



THE CAR PROVES TO BE BOB DICKERING'S...

HELP ME! PLEASE DRIVE ME AWAY-FAST!

WHAT IN... ALL RIGHT. HOP IN, MISS!

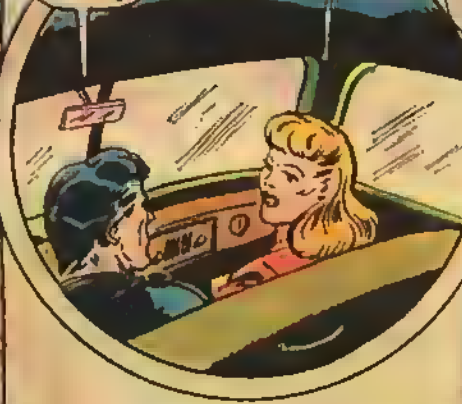


TAKE ME TOO 112 RIVERSIDE PLACE. MY LIFE IS IN DANGER... THERE IS SOMEONE THERE WHO WILL PROTECT ME!



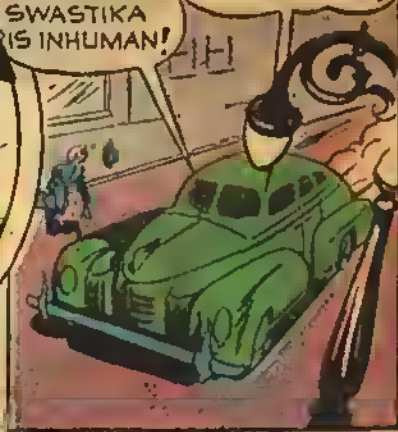
LIFE IN DANGER, EH? VERY-INTERESTING! WHY?

PLEASE! DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS!



IT MEANS YOUR LIFE, EVEN TO BE SEEN WITH ME. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS INHUMAN!

CAPT SWASTIKA! THIS GETS MORE INTERESTING BY THE MINUTE!



BUT... BUT THIS IS NOT 112 RIVERSIDE PLACE!

NO... THIS IS MY HOUSE! COME ON, NOW!



YOU SAID YOU WANTED PROTECTION- AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

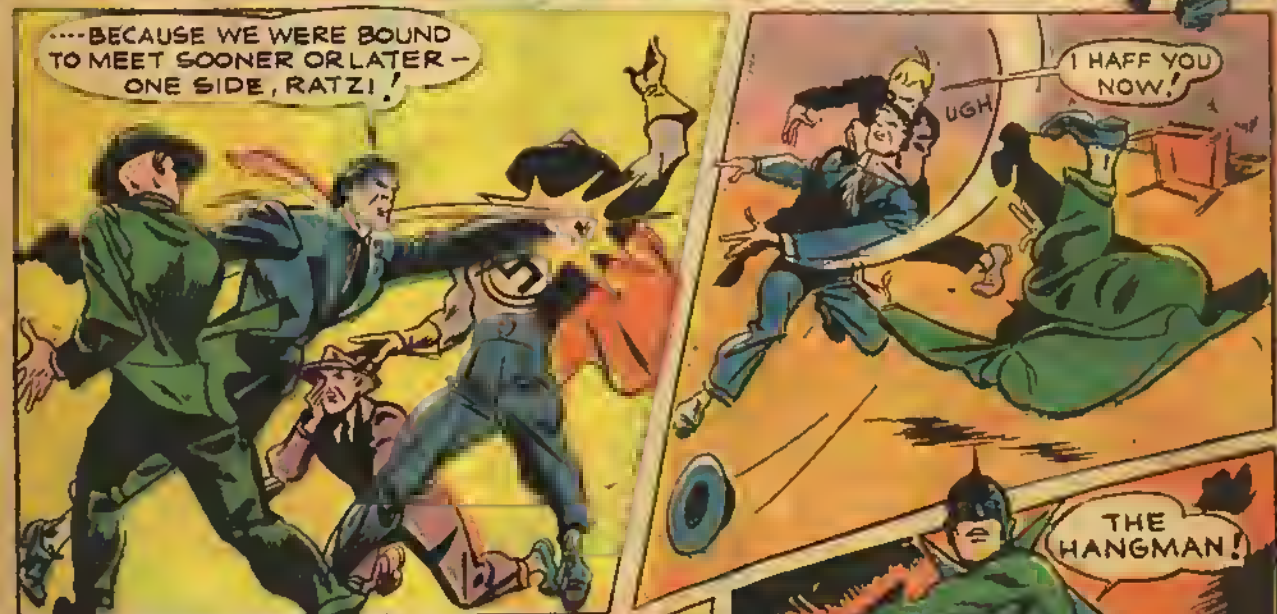
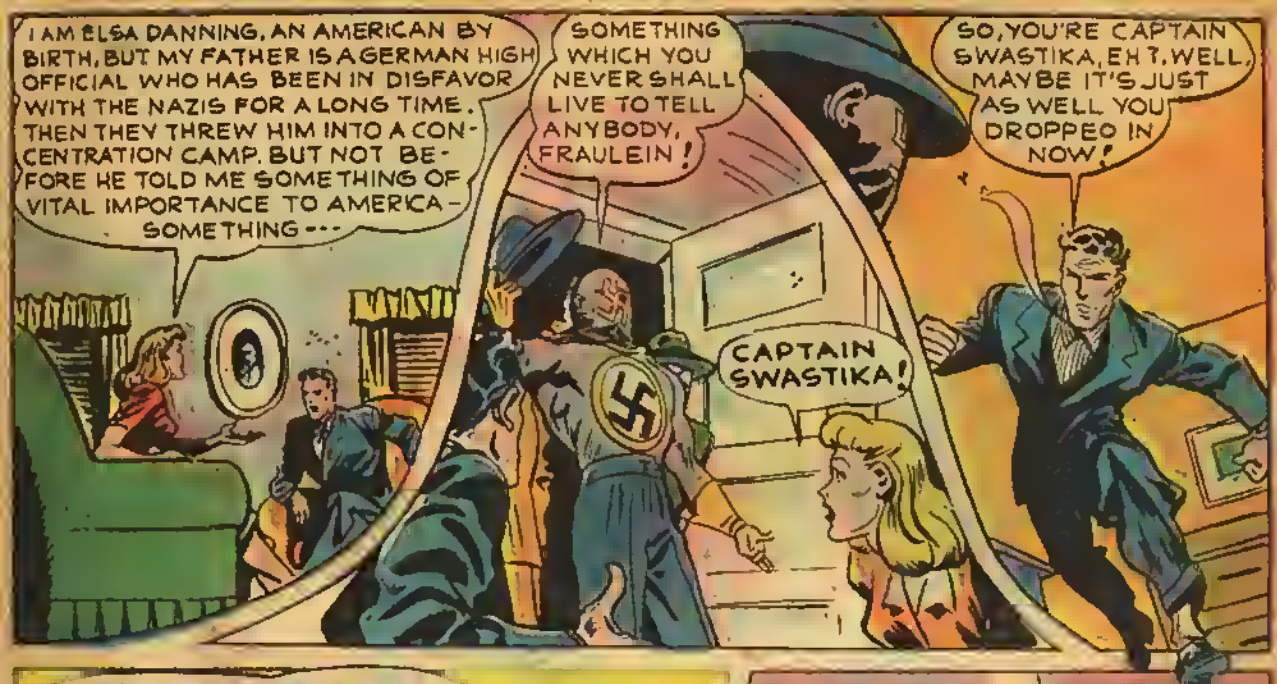
I TELL YOU, IT WILL MEAN CERTAIN DEATH!



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES. I WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS!

SOMEHOW, I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU- I'LL TELL YOU!





THEY'LL BE BREAKING THE
DOOR DOWN ANY MINUTE, AND
I'LL JUST AS SOON THEY DIDN'T
FIND OUT BOB PICKERING IS
THE HANGMAN!



NOW, I'LL JUST
THROW THIS DUMMY
OUT THE WINDOW!



BREAK THE DOOR
DOWN, QUICK! HE
KNOWS TOO MUCH
ALREADY!



THE WINDOW...
HE MUST'VE
GONE OUT
THIS WAY!

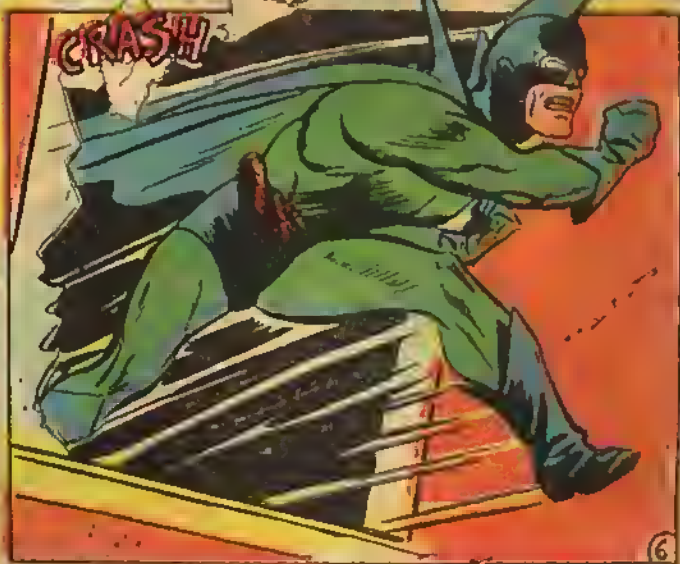


GOOO! THE
FOOL HAS FALLEN
TO HIS DEATH...
THAT SAVES ME
THE TROUBLE
OF KILLING
HIM!

YOU DID NOT THINK WE COULD REACH
YOU IN AMERICA, EH? YOU KNOW
NOW- BUT IT IS TOO LATE--
YOU'LL DO YOUR TALKING
TO THE WORMS!

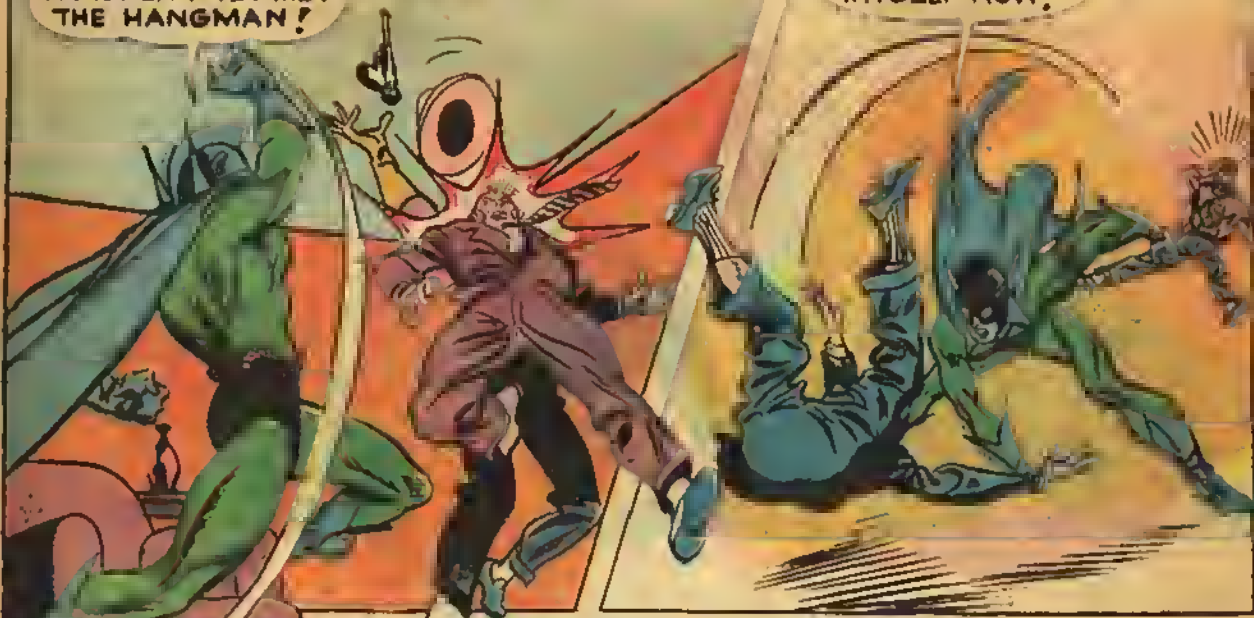


CRASH!



ALRIGHT, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA
YOU HAVEN'T YET MET
THE HANGMAN!

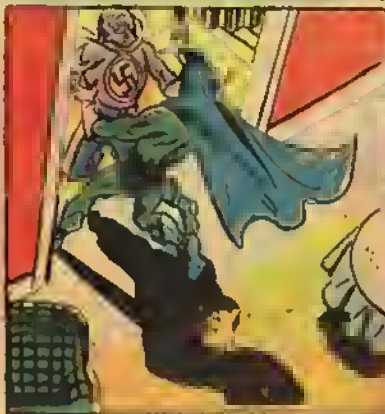
...SO I'LL INTRODUCE
MYSELF NOW!



PANICK-STRICKEN, ELSA
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
THE CONFUSION AND

RECOVERING FROM THE
SURPRISE ATTACK CAP-
TAIN SWASTIKA HURLS
HIMSELF AT THE
HANGMAN...

...AND THE MOMENTUM
SENDS THEM HURLING
DOWN THE STAIRS...



A TENANT, ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE
THRUSTS HIS HEAD OUT THE DOOR.

WHAT IN...A FIGHT!
HELP, POLICE!

TRY THE TELEPHONE,
DOPE, YOU'LL GET 'EM
QUICKER THAT WAY!

THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION IS
ENOUGH TO GIVE CAPT. SWASTIKA
HIS OPPORTUNITY...



AND THE HANGMAN'S HEAD SHATTERS THE RAILING WITH STUNNING FORCE.



HURRY, MEN. THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- I'LL TAKE PROPER CARE OF THE HANGMAN ANOTHER TIME!



MEL! WHERE WHAT OF ELSA?

OH, I DO HOPE MR. SCHMITT IS IN HIS OFFICE, NOW!



ELSA! ELSA DANCING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN AMERICA?



OH, MR. SCHMITT, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MY DEAR, YOU ARE TREMBLING. IS SOMETHING WRONG? HOW IS YOUR FATHER?

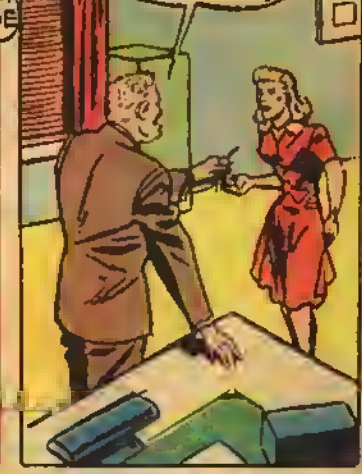
MY FATHER IS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP. I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS IN GERMANY!



CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS HERE MR. SCHMITT! YOU KNOW WHY, I'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON AND TELL THEM. HELP ME, PLEASE MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU!



OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, MY DEAR. I'M A GOOD AMERICAN, MYSELF, HERE. TAKE THESE KEYS AND GO TO THE ADDRESS I AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU!



YOU WILL BE SAFE THERE OR A WHILE. NOW HURRY!



OH, THANK YOU, MR. SCHMITT!

GOOT... SHE IS GONE. THE STUPID LITTLE FOOL. IF SHE KNEW THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER FATHER BEING SENT TO CONCENTRATION CAMP!



HELLO, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! SENT SCHMITT HER TO SPEAK OUR HEADQUARTERS! GOOD WORK. THE FUHRER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

SO... AND NOW, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD'D'VE SPOILED OUR PLANS WILL SOON BE DISPOSED OF. YOU ARE, INDEED, A CLEVER MAN, HERR SCHMITT! HEIL HITLER!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE BLOOD OF THE NAZI SPY RUNS COLD AS THE DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN FLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE - THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS...

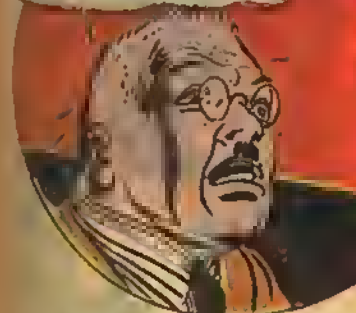


NO, MR. SCHMITT, YOU ARE NOT SO CLEVER. BECAUSE IF THAT GIRL IS KILLED - YOU'LL HANG.. HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF AIR IS SQUEEZED FROM YOUR LUNGS!..



UNTIL YOUR EYES POP FROM YOUR HEAD - AND YOU ARE DEAD - NOW, WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU SENT THAT GIRL?

Y-YA! YA! I DON'T WANT TO HANG... I'LL TELL!



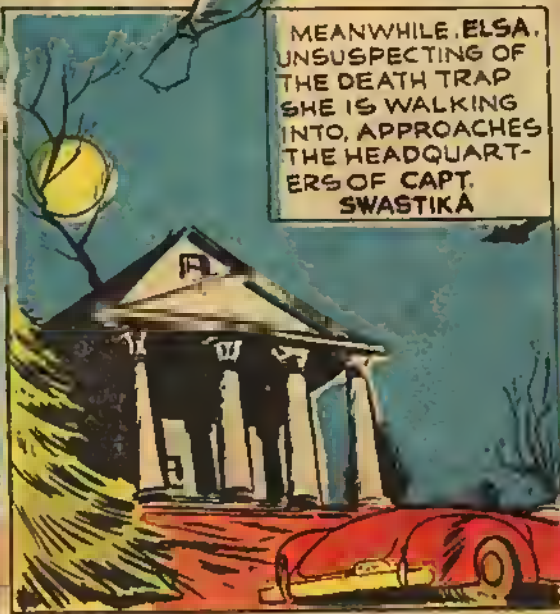
GOOD... AND NOW, I'LL PUT YOU IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE!



WHEN HE COMES TO HE'LL BE IN THE HOOSEGOW BEFORE HE CAN SAY 'HEIL HITLER'. I'VE CALLED THE POLICE.



MEANWHILE, ELSA, UNSUSPECTING OF THE DEATH TRAP SHE IS WALKING INTO, APPROACHES THE HEADQUARTERS OF CAPT. SWASTIKA



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT MAKES ME SHIVER. BUT IT MUST BE ONLY MY IMAGINATION!



IN RESPONSE TO ELSA'S KNOCK THE DOOR SILENTLY OPENS ...



THAT'S FUNNY. NOBODY HERE. WHO COULD'VE OPENED THE DOOR?



YOUR FRIEND-- CAPT. SWASTIKA!



THIS TIME YOU WON'T SLIP AWAY FROM ME!



ONCE AGAIN, THE GRUESOME SILHOUETTE OF...



THE HANGMAN!

DROP THAT GIRL, CAP SWASTIKA! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HARM HER!



HANGMAN, YOU ARE CLEVER, YES! BUT THIS TIME YOU WERE TOO CLEVER FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY MY MEN!



HANGMAN... WHY DID YOU THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE THIS WAY?

SHH..... ELSA, STALL FOR TIME. I PHONED THE POLICE BEFORE I CAME.



NOW I SHOW MY CLEVERNESS...THIS IS THE SECRET ELSA WOULD HAVE TOLD YOUR GOVERNMENT-MY LEGION OF THE SWASTIKA! YOU ARE BOTH GOING TO DIE ANYWAY... SO IT DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU KNOW!

MY LEGION WILL SPREAD THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY-PLANT FALSE RUMORS, COM-
MUNISM! SOON--
ALREADY, OUR HAND HAS BEEN FELT!



WE RELAY INFORMATION TO OUR PLANES, WHICH BOMB YOUR SHIPS AT SEA...

MY MEN DID A PARTICULARLY GOOD JOB ON THAT GIANT SHIP, NOW FIRE-GUTTED.

THOSE STRANGE PYROSIONS, YES, THE WORK OF CAPT. SWASTIKA'S LEGION...



AND WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY-MY ONLY OBSTACLES TO THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF YOUR GOVERNMENT ARE REMOVED!

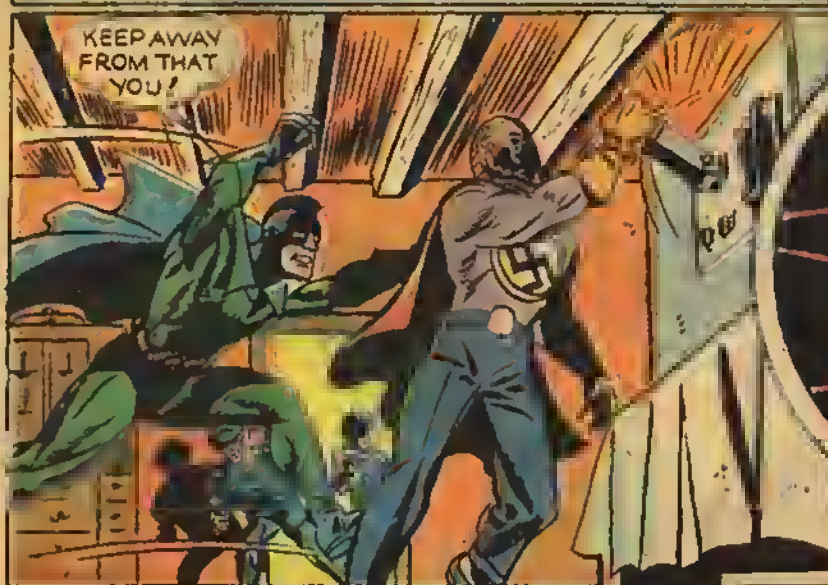
THE HECK THEY ARE... UP WITH YOUR HANDS EVERYBODY!



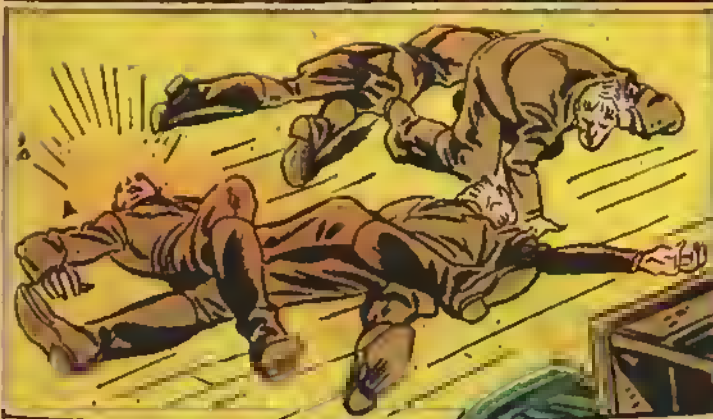
SUDDENLY CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH...

REVOLVERS SPURT AND PIN-POINTS OF LIGHT STAB THE DARKNESS...

KEEP AWAY FROM THAT YOU!



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON AGAIN, THE SCENE IS A SHAMBLES... WITH THE CORPSES OF GESTAPO AGENTS STREWN ALL ABOUT...

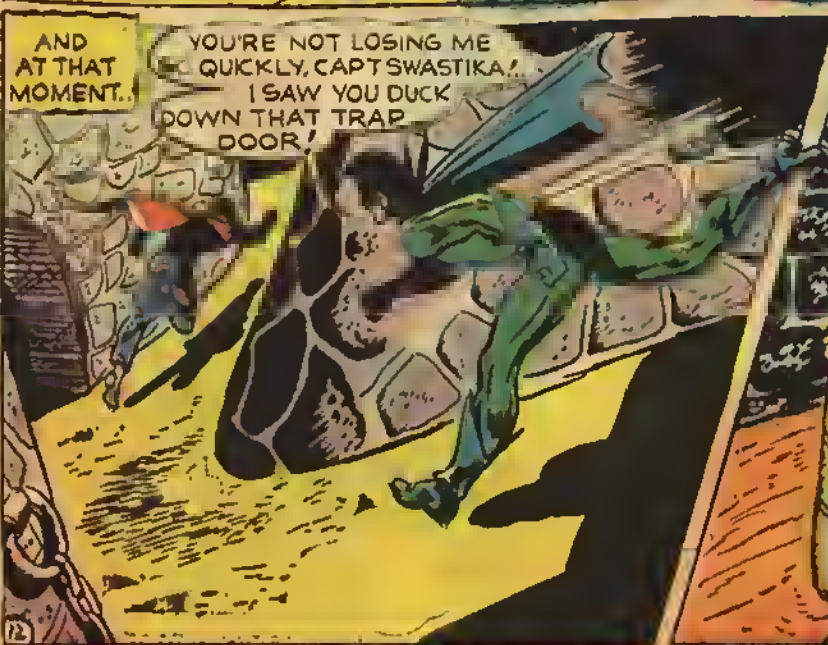


CAPTAIN SWASTIKA? HE'S GONE!... AND THE HANGMAN, TOO! BUT WE SURE CLEANED UP THE GESTAPO GANG!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE NOT LOSING ME QUICKLY, CAPT SWASTIKA! I SAW YOU DUCK DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!



SO! THE HANGMAN THINKS HE CAN CATCH ME! I HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!



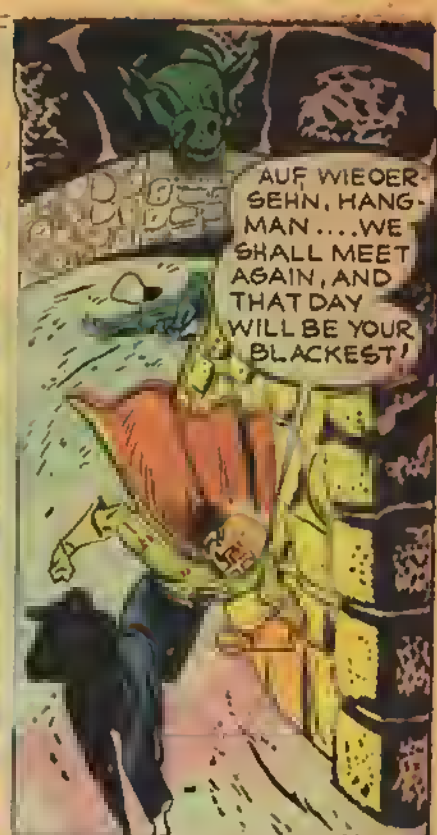


...AS HE SHALL
SOON SEE!
NOW LET
HIM COME
AROUND
THIS
TURN!

SO EAGER IS THE HANG-
MAN TO CATCH HIS
QUARRY-HE FALLS INTO
THE TRAP AS HE ROUNDS
THE CORNER AT EXPRESS
TRAIN SPEED...



WHAM!



AUF WIEOER-
SEHN, HANG-
MAN...WE
SHALL MEET
AGAIN, AND
THAT DAY
WILL BE YOUR
BLACKEST!



OOW..WHAT
SUCKER I WAS
THAT TIME!




MAYBE I CAN
STILL CATCH HIM!
AH, THERE'S THE
END OF THE
TUNNEL!



NOT A
SIGN OF HIM...
HE SLIPPED
THROUGH MY
FINGERS, ALL
RIGHT!



YES, CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA, WE
WILL MEET
AGAIN...AND
WHEN, WE OO-
THERE'LL ONLY BE
ONE OF US LEFT
TO TELL THE
STORY!



THERE GOES
THE CURTAIN
ON ZIP'S
SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER,
STEEL!

YES,
HANGMAN!
THE ONE THAT
THE BLACK
HOOD'S BEEN
RAVING ABOUT
FOR WEEKS!
BOY, IF HE'S
HALF AS GOOD
AS THEY SAY,
WE'RE IN FOR
A GOOD
SHOW!

SENSATIONAL! SPECTACULAR!

THE WHO YOU ARE IN FOR THE

OKAY.
HOLD
YOUR
BREATH,
**BLACK
JACK**
HERE IT
COMES!

IT'S HIGH
TIME, **HOOD.**
BOY, YOU SURE
CAN KEEP A
SECRET! NOW,
I'LL FINALLY
FIND OUT ALL
ABOUT THE
WEB!

**WHO IS THE WEB?
WHAT IS THE WEB?
YOU'LL GET THE
ANSWERS IN
JULY ZIP!
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN YOU!**

THE WEB appears in **JULY ZIP**

NEW! DIFFERENT!!!

WEB

IS HE??

SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!

ROY'S BEEN
SINGING THIS NEW
CHARACTER'S PRAISES
LONG AND LOUD,
SHIELD!

SO HAS THE
WIZARD AND
THAT GUY HASN'T
STEERED ME WRONG,
YET! WE'RE IN FOR A
GREAT SHOW!

OKAY,
WIZARD,
RING UP THE
CURTAIN-AND
LET 'ER
RIP!

WE PREDICT
THAT THE
WEB WILL
TAKE THE
NATION BY
STORM!
A NEW
HIGH IN
COMIC EN-
TERTAIN-
MENT!

THE WEB appears in JULY ZIP

THE

HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 5

THE CLOCKS
STRIKE DEATH!
CLEVER, HARM-
LESS CLOCKS
DEvised BY
THE TWISTED
BRAIN OF A
CRIMINAL
GENIUS BENT
ON REVENGE
AND MURDER..
THIS IS THE
CLOCKMAKER
OF DEATH!

YES, THE CLOCK
STRIKES DEATH
... BUT CAN IT
ALSO STRIKE
THE SWIFT
RETRIBUTION
OF THE GALLOWS
FOR THE MAD
CLOCKMAKER?
OR ARE THE
THE HANGMAN'S
HOURS ALSO
NUMBERED?
HMMM...
WE WONDER..



LUCY

ALL TALES MUST HAVE A BEGINNING. OURS BEGINS TWENTY YEARS AGO-IN THE OFFICE OF A PROMINENT JEWELRY CONCERN WHERE THE PARTNERS HAVE CALLED IN THEIR AMBITIOUS YOUNG CLERK, JOHN SIMMS. MARK THIS DAY WELL! IT IS A DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED...

AND SO, SIMMS, IN VIEW OF YOUR LOYALTY, WE HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU A JUNIOR PARTNER!

WHAT? ME A PARTNER?

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! (GULP) I-I--

HA, HA, DON'T BOTHE TO THANK US...AND BY THE WAY, YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE FOR A WHILE. WE'ER..HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND, OUT OF TOWN!

HELLO, MARY, DON'T FALLOVER WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!

WHAT? THEY'VE MADE YOU A JUNIOR PARTNER..OH, JOHN, HOW WONDERFUL! NOW WE CAN BE MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MARY.. JUST YESTERDAY A CLERK. TODAY, A BIG SHOT!

BUT THEN, JOHN RETURNS TO THE OFFICE AND SEES...

HERE! WHAT'S THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

EASY, BUDDY, WE'RE THE POLICE WHERE'S THE BOSS?

I'M THE BOSS - ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY...MY PARTNERS ARE OUT OF TOWN!

SKIPPED TOWN, EH? OKAY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. THIS PLACE HAS BEEN SELLING STOLEN JEWELRY FOR A LONG TIME -- NOW WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU!

WHAT?

ASPEEDY TRIAL-AND-A
SPEEDIER CONVICTION DE-
SPITE JOHN'S PROTEST-
ATIONS OF INNOCENCE, THEN

IT IS OUR POLICY TO ALLOW
THE PRISONERS TO LEARN A
TRADE WHILE THEY'RE HERE..
HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE ?

JOHN GETS HIS CHOICE.. AND
AS THE YEARS PASS, THE
RANKLING BITTERNESS IN
HIS HEART TURNS TO HATRED
AND MAKING CLOCKS BE-
COMES AN OBSESSION...

SIMMS, YOU'RE GOING
TO BE HERE FOR A LONG
TIME. THE BETTER YOU
BEHAVE, THE SOONER
YOU GET OUT!

YES... I WANT
TO MAKE
CLOCKS!

1922

THE TWENTY YEARS
HAVE WROUGHT A
FEARFUL CHANGE
IN JOHN SIMMS' FACE.
FOR IN IT IS THE LUST
FOR REVENGE - FOR
MURDER!

1942

THEN,
ONE DAY..

YOU'RE FREE
NOW, JOHN SIMMS.
HERE'S A FEW DOLLARS
TO START YOU ON
WHAT I HOPE
WILL BE AN
HONEST
CAREER!

THANKS!

FREE... FREE TO DO AS I
PLEASE. FREE TO
CARRY OUT MY
REVENGE!

LOOK, WARDEN... I
FOUND THIS CLOCK IN
SIMMS' CELL.. LOOKS
SCREWY TO ME!

RATHER AN INGEN-
IOUS AFFAIR. I HOPE
HE PUTS HIS TRADE
TO GOOD USE!

FATEFUL, PROPHECIC WORDS...
AND IRONIC! FOR JOHN SIMMS
INTENDS TO PUT HIS CRAFT OF
CLOCK-MAKING TO AN UNDEAM-
ED OF USE, A CLOCK-MAKER
IS BORN! A CLOCK-MAKER
OF DEATH!

ONE NIGHT, MANY WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE WHITE, ONE OF JOHN SIMMS' PARTNERS 20 YEARS AGO

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR!

PROBABLY ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY GIFT... HERE LET ME HAVE IT!

IT'S A CLOCK - AN INGENIOUS ONE, TOO! WHO COULD HAVE GENT IT, I WONDER?

OUT ONE TUNNEL. INTO ANOTHER. LITTLE FIGURINES CHASE EACH OTHER, TICKING OFF THE SECONDS...



SUDDENLY, THE SAVAGE FIGURINE IS SWIVELLED AROUND - IT'S BLOW-PIPE POINTED AT WHITE'S THROAT AND -



MR. WHITE!.. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GET DOCTOR - HURRY... OH CHOKING - CAN'T BREATHE!



POLICE! I THINK MY MASTER'S DYING. YES I'VE ALREADY CALLED A DOCTOR!



AND WHEN HE SCREAMED YOU CAME RUNNING IMMEDIATELY!

YES, I SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY AT ONCE... THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

HOW'S IT LOOK, DOC?

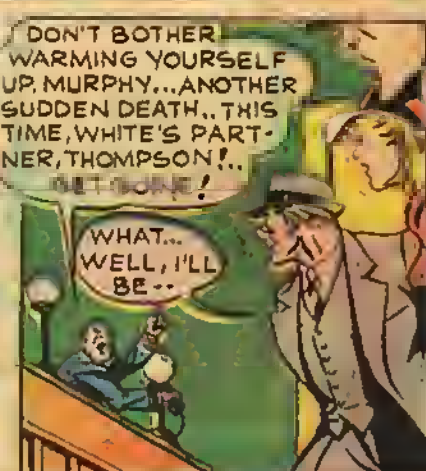
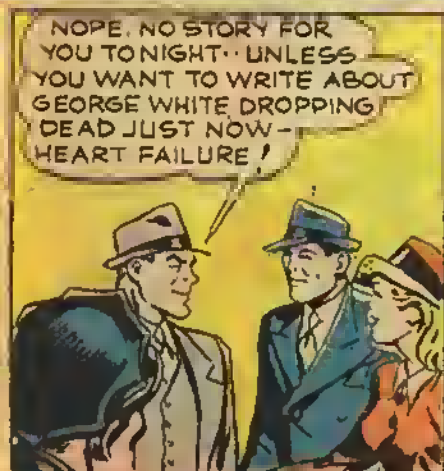
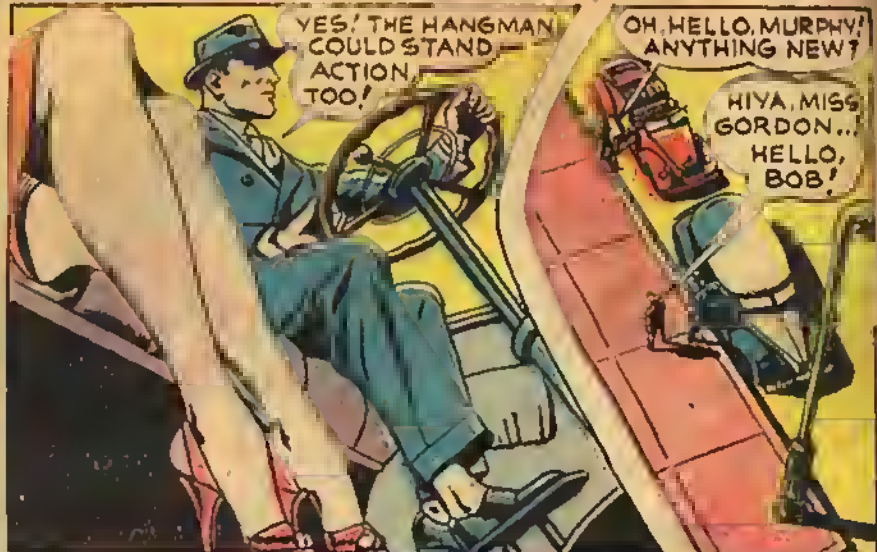
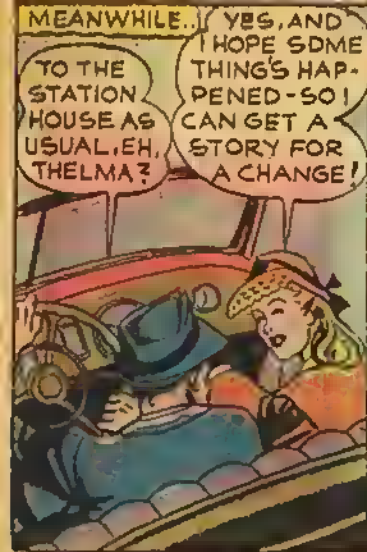
HE'S DEAD!



I CAN'T FIND ANY-THING UNUSUAL IT LOOKS LIKE JUST PLAIN HEART FAILURE TO ME!

OKAY. WE'LL BEAT IT.. THIS IS NONE OF OUR AFFAIR. LET'S GO, REILLY!





NOBODY
AROUND! SO
FAR - SO GOOD!

HMM!.. THIS MUST
BE THE CLOCK
MURPHY WAS
TELLING ME
ABOUT!

IT IS A CLEVER
CONTRADICTION AT THAT.
WONDER HOW IT OPER-
ATES?...HMM..LET'S SEE-
THIS KNOB HERE!..

AS THOUGH WARNED
BY SOME INSTINCT
THE HANGMAN
SUDDENLY DUCKS,
AND -

PING

A DART... AND
POISONED, TOO -
UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS --

SOCK

WHEN THE HANGMAN RECOVERS...

OOHH... MY HEAD! THE
CLOCK! IT'S GONE!
WHOEVER ATTACKED
ME CAME AFTER
THAT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THOMPSON...

WHAT... HE ALSO SEEMS TO HAVE DIED OF
HEART FAILURE. SAY, IF I GET SENT
OUT ON ANY MORE CALLS LIKE THIS
I'LL DIE OF HEART FAILURE, TOO!

JUST THEN, THE DOOR BELL RINGS.

I'M FROM THE JEWELERS. I WAS SENT TO PICK UP A CLOCK MR. THOMPSON DIDN'T WANT!

MR. THOMPSON IS DEAD!

DEAD! TOO BAD. HOWEVER, THE CLOCK HAS NOT BEEN PAID FOR - AND I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE IT BACK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL!

THIS IS IT!

FUNNY, COMING FOR A CLOCK JUST NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN-I--

MISS GORDON! THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU!

THELMA... THIS IS THE HANGMAN... I'M CALLING FROM WHITE'S HOUSE. MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT... HE WAS MURDERED BY A CLOCK!

BY A CLOCK! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE. A MAN JUST PICKED UP A CLOCK HERE!

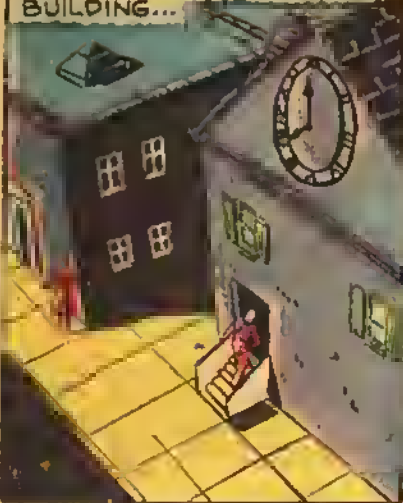
GREAT SCOT... DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, THEL. FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE - THAT MUST BE THE MURDERER! I SUSPECT THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER VICTIM... QINGMAN, THE THIRD PARTNER.

GOOD GRIEF! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. HE'S HAD QUITE A START ON ME!

OH, THERE HE IS. THANK HEAVENS!... NOW, TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!

WONDER WHAT THE HANGMAN MEANT ABOUT THE CLOCK BEING THE INSTRUMENT OF MURDER. WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

AT LAST THE CLOCKMAKER
ARRIVES AT HIS DESTI-
NATION-A QUANT LOOKING
BUILDING...



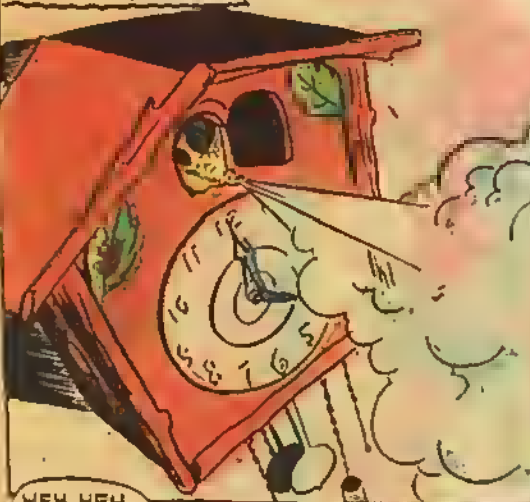
THIS MUST BE HIS
HIDEOUT. I WANT TO
LOOK AROUND!



GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK AT
ALL THOSE CLOCKS... THIS
PLACE LOOKS LIKE A
CLOCKMAKER'S
NIGHTMARE!



AS THELMA INVESTIGATES, A CUCKOO
SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT OF ONE OF THE
CLOCKS, AND...



UGH...GAS!
MY...MY HEAD'S
REELING...HELP
HEL... OOOOO...

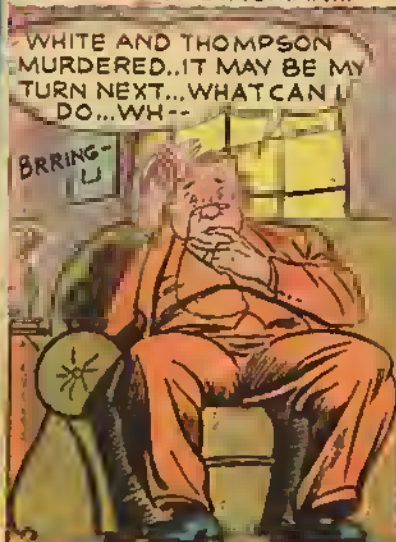


HEH, HEH...
FELL RIGHT INTO MY TRAP,
DIDN'T YOU...THOUGHT I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOLLOW-
ED ME!



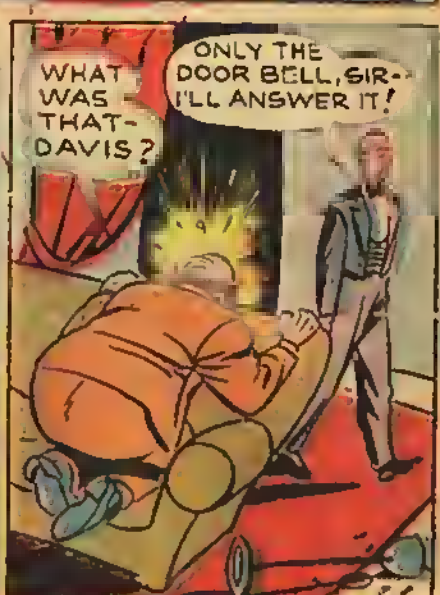
WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN
THE HOME OF DINGMAN...

WHITE AND THOMPSON
MURDERED..IT MAY BE MY
TURN NEXT...WHAT CAN I
DO...WH--



WHAT
WAS
THAT-
DAVIS?

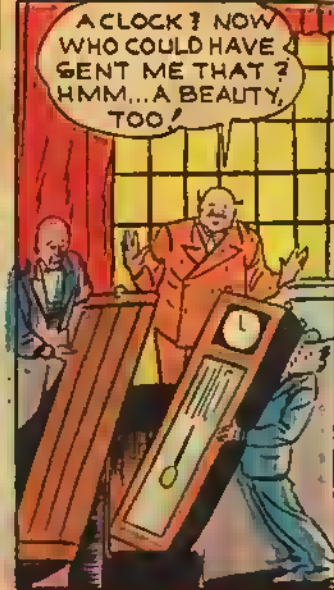
ONLY THE
DOOR BELL, SIR-
I'LL ANSWER IT!



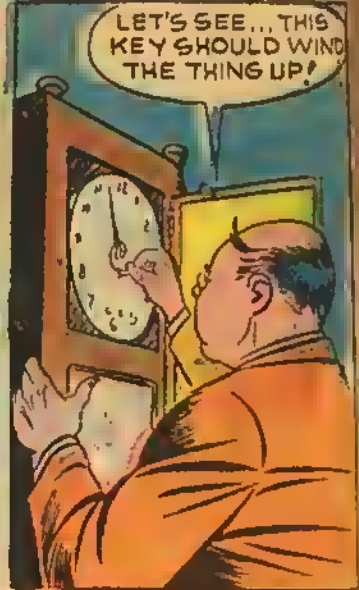


(GULP)
WHAT IS IT
ANYWAY,
DAVIS?

A CLOCK, MASTER...THE
BOY HAD ORDERS TO
DELIVER IT HERE!



A CLOCK? NOW
WHO COULD HAVE
SENT ME THAT?
HMM...A BEAUTY,
TOO!



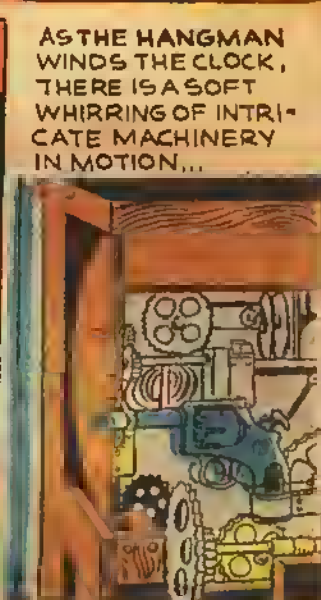
LET'S SEE... THIS
KEY SHOULD WIND
THE THING UP!



STOP!.. DON'T WIND
THAT CLOCK IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!



HERE, I'LL
WIND IT FOR
YOU AND SHOW
YOU WHY!



AS THE HANGMAN
WINDS THE CLOCK,
THERE IS A SOFT
WHIRRING OF INTRI-
CATE MACHINERY
IN MOTION...



NOW STAND BACK
AND WE'LL SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



THERE IS A SHARP
REPORT AND A
BULLET SPURTS FROM
A HOLE IN THE FACE
OF THE CLOCK.



WHO SENT YOU
THAT CLOCK?

!... (GULP)... DON'T KNOW...
THAT BOY JUST BROUGHT
IT HERE!

OUR CLOCK-
DELIVERING
FRIEND SEEMS
TO BE IN A HURRY!

WELL, SO AM I - IN A
HURRY TO FIND OUT
WHAT YOU KNOW
ABOUT
THIS!

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE... IT'S
GOING TO BE AROUND YOUR
THROAT SOON. YOU'RE GOING
TO HANG FOR THESE MURDERS -
DO YOU HEAR ME? HANG!

ND-ND. I DIDN'T
MURDER ANY-
BODY!

A MAN CALLED ME INTO HIS
SHOP AND GAVE ME A CLOCK TO
DELIVER... THAT'S
ALL I KNOW ABOUT
IT - HONEST!

HMM - YOU LOOK
A LITTLE TOO
STUPID AT THAT...
WHAT'S THE
ADDRESS OF
THIS CLOCK-
MAKER?

MAYBE IT WAS THE CLOCK-
MAKER THAT THELMA
FOLLOWED - I BETTER
GET TO THAT
ADDRESS -
FAST!

AT THAT MOMENT THELMA
RECOVERS TO FIND HER-
SELF IN A BIZARRE PRISON..

HA, CONSIDER AGAIN
GOOO... NOW YOU WILL
HAVE A CHANCE TO
RECOGNIZE MY
GENIUS BEFORE
YOU DIE!

DEATH IN AN
HOUR GLASS
KILLED BY THE
SANDS OF TIME..
MY DEATH WEAPON.
SEE, MY OEAR,
I RELEASE THE
SAND INTO THE
TOP OF MY
HOUR-
GLASS -
SO!

SOON, ALL OF
IT WILL TRICKLE
THROUGH AND
COVER YOU
FROM HEAD
TO FOOT!

TIME... TIME IS MY WEAPON OF DEATH... A VERY INGENUOUS WEAPON - IS IT NOT?

THEY PUT ME IN A PRISON... TRIED TO KILL ME WITH TIME - BUT I TURNED THE TABLES... I... WH... WHA... THE HANGMAN!

YES - THE HANGMAN - YOU'VE HAD YOUR HOUR, MURDERER!

NOW, THE HANGMAN SHALL HAVE HIS!

THERE IS ONE HOUR YOU OVERLOOKED - THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION. THE LAST HOUR ON EARTH BEFORE YOU WALK TO THE GALLOWS!

LOOK... THE GIRL - THE SANDS WILL SOON SUFFOCATE HER!

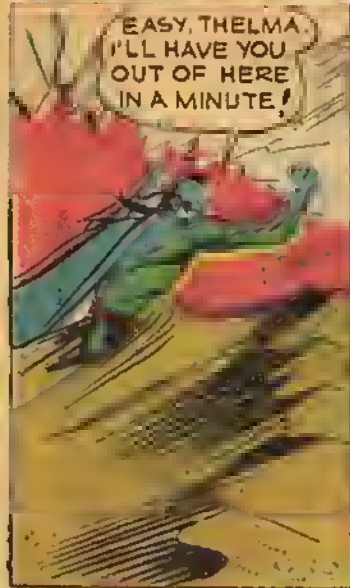
GOOD LORD! HE'S RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO BREAK IT OPEN... GET HER OUT... BUT HOW?... THIS CLOCK... IT HAS CHIMES!

DING DONG DING

THE HANGMAN REACHES INTO THE CLOCK - RIPS OFF ONE OF THE BRASS CHIMES...

CRASH



EASY, THELMA
I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT OF HERE
IN A MINUTE!



I'M ALL
RIGHT, NOW,
HANGMAN...
BUT LOOK-
THE CLOCK-
MAKER! HE'S
ESCAPING!

I'M GOING
AFTER HIM-
YOU STAY
RIGHT
HERE!



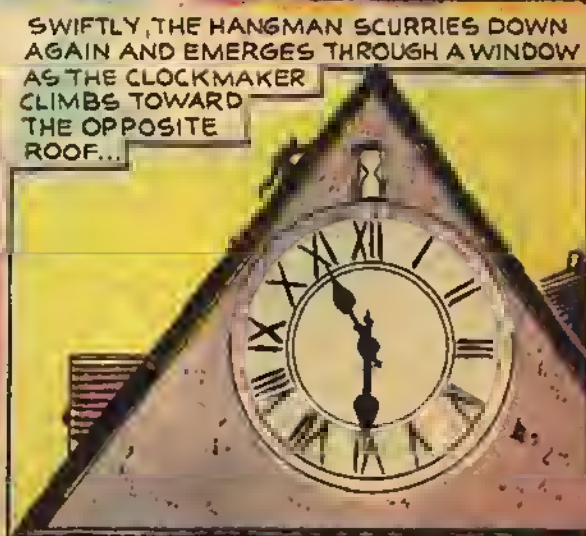
THE ROOF.
IF I CAN GET
THERE FIRST,
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME!



DESPERATION
LENDS WINGS TO
THE CLOCK MAKER'S
HEELS AND HE
ARRIVES AT
THE ROOF
FIRST...



AND QUICKLY BOLTS THE
DOOR FROM THE OUT-
SIDE...

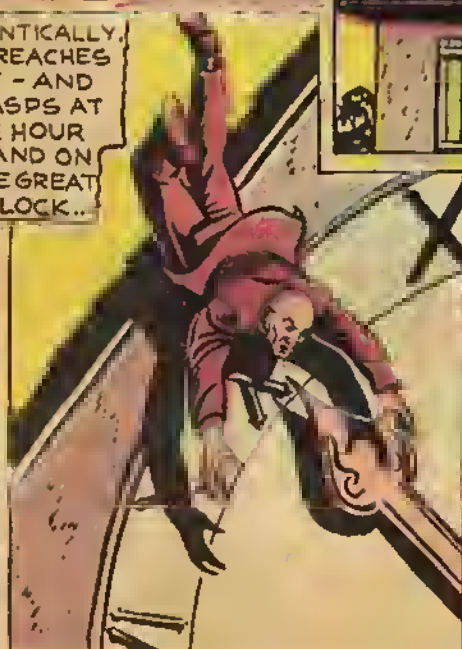


SWIFTLY, THE HANGMAN SCURRIES DOWN
AGAIN AND EMERGES THROUGH A WINDOW
AS THE CLOCKMAKER
CLIMBS TOWARD
THE OPPOSITE
ROOF...



AND SLIPS...

AAEEEE



FRANTICALLY,
HE REACHES
OUT - AND
GRASPS AT
THE HOUR
HAND ON
THE GREAT
CLOCK...



WHAT A SPOT. HE'S
CORNERED ON THE
HOUR HAND, BUT
I CAN'T GET TO
HIM, UNLESS...
HMM...IT'S RISKY,
BUT I'LL HAVE
TO CHANCE
IT!

HANGING ONTO THE MINUTE HAND, THE HANGMAN IS SLOWLY DRAWN TOWARD THE CLOCK-MAKER...



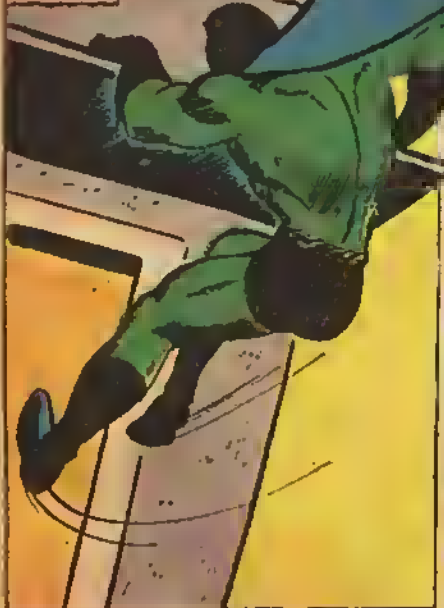
WHO LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY IN AN EFFORT TO DIS-LODGE HIM...



...AND SUCCEEDS, BUT ALSO LOSES HIS OWN GRIP IN THE PROCESS, AND...



DEFTLY, THE HANGMAN GRABS THE LEDGE - HANGS ON DESPERATELY...

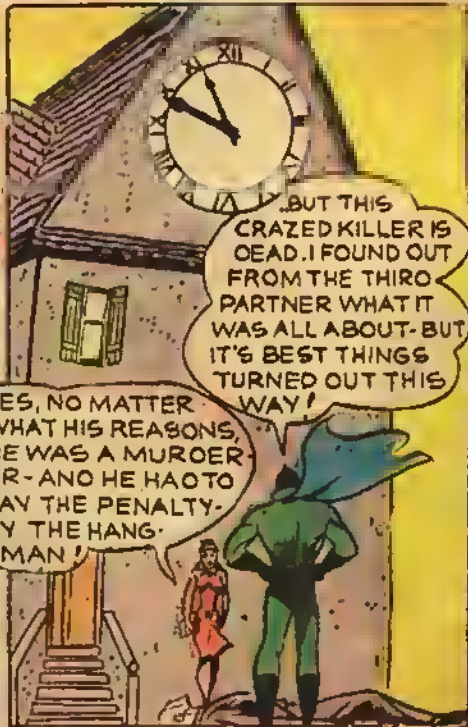


LATER, WHEN THE HANGMAN DESCENDS...



HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, THELMA - I'M OKAY...



...BUT THIS CRAZED KILLER IS DEAD. I FOUND OUT FROM THE THIRD PARTNER WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT - BUT IT'S BEST THINGS TURNED OUT THIS WAY!

YES, NO MATTER WHAT HIS REASONS, HE WAS A MURDERER - AND HE HAD TO PAY THE PENALTY - BY THE HANG-MAN!

The

HANGMAN

King +
Woolfolk

DEATHS FUNERALS

Death Notices

Elie J. Fuchs

Mr. Elie J. Fuchs, 74, of 1000 1st St. N. W., died at his home at 10:30 a. m. on Monday, April 10, 1934, after a long illness.

Thomas F. Fuchs

The body of Mr. Thomas F. Fuchs, 35, former president of the local union of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, died at his home at 10:30 a. m. on Monday, April 10, 1934, after a long illness.

Mr. J. H. Fuchs, 74, of 1000 1st St. N. W., died at his home at 10:30 a. m. on Monday, April 10, 1934, after a long illness.

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THE
HANGMAN
MEETS HIS
GREATEST FOE IN
THE RABBIT. THE
MEEK LITTLE PROFESSOR
WHOSE CURIOUS
HOBBY IS WRITING
OBITUARIES... AND
MAKING THEM
COME TRUE!
READ ON AND
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN
YOU!

OUR STORY OPENS AS PROFESSOR
HARE IS LECTURING TO A UNIVERSITY
CLASS ON HIS FAVORITE
SUBJECT—PREDICTIONS.....

TODAY WE LAUGH AT
THE IDEA OF PROPHECY—
BUT SOME MEN CAN
FORETELL WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TOMORROW
AS EASILY AS ORDINARY
PEOPLE REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY.

Undertakers

MAY I ASK A QUESTION, PROFESSOR HARE? IF IT'S POSSIBLE, AS YOU SAY, TO TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TOMORROW...



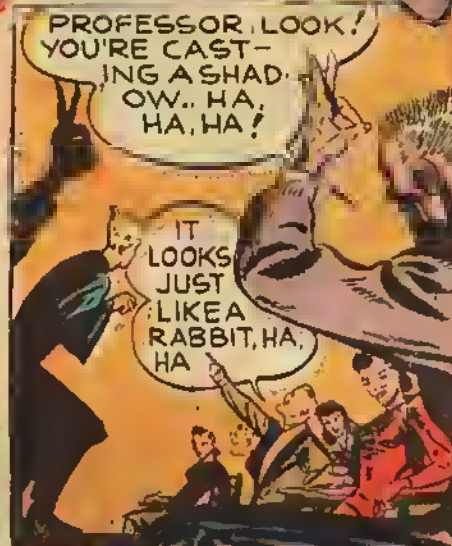
THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHO'S GOING TO WIN THE BIG GAME WITH TECH...IT'LL SAVE THE TEAM THAT'S GOING TO LOSE THE TROUBLE OF PLAYING!



I BET THAT'LL STUMP OLD RABBIT HEAD... WATCH THIS, MARY!



PROFESSOR, LOOK! YOU'RE CASTING A SHADOW.. HA, HA, HA!



IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A RABBIT, HA, HA

SHH, PLEASE! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE! DEAN GRAY'S OFFICE IS JUST DOWN THE HALL!



PROFESSOR HARE, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU ALONE A MOMENT?

ER...YES INDEED, DEAN GRAY!



THE DEAN LOOKS PLENTY MAD, BILLY...I'LL BET HE GIVES OLD RABBIT-HEAD THE DICKENS!



...AND REMEMBER, HARE, THE NEXT SUCH OUTBURST IN YOUR CLASSES WILL BE THE LAST!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!



INCIDENTALLY, SEVERAL OF YOUR OLD STUDENTS WILL BE AT THE ALUMNI MEETING TONIGHT.....I'LL EXPECT YOU AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP!

YES, SIR!

BOB DICKERING IN HIS ROOMS READS AN INVITATION TO THE ALUMNI MEETING...

TENTH REUNION... IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT LONG SINCE I LEFT COLLEGE!

I WONDER IF PROFESSOR HARE IS STILL THERE.... THE WAY WE USED TO LAUGH AT HIS CRAZY PREDICTIONS!

IT MIGHT BE FUN TO SEE SOME OF THE OLD GANG!.... I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON THAT MEETING!

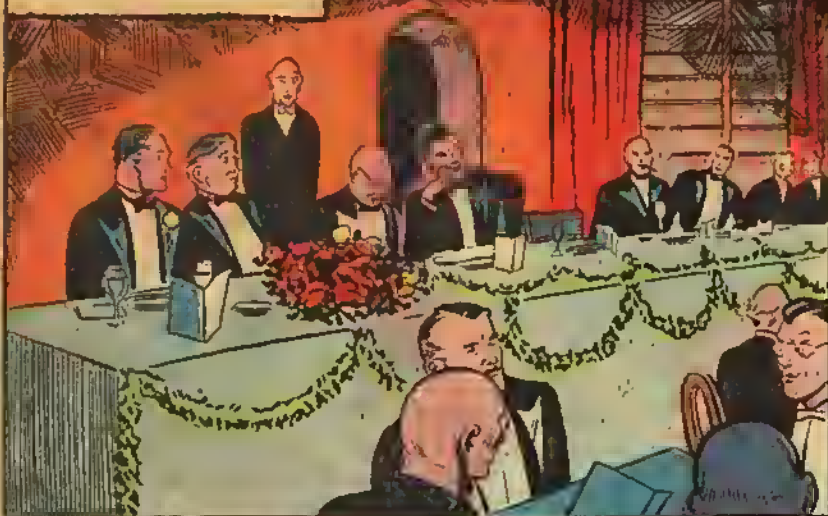
THAT NIGHT...

PROFESSOR HARE IS READING LATE IN HIS LIBRARY...

NOSTRADAMUS... WHAT AMAZING INSIGHT INTO THE FUTURE HE HAD!

GOODNESS! EIGHT O'CLOCK- I'LL BE LATE FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING!

AT THE ALUMNI MEETING DEAN GRAY IS IMPATIENTLY AWAITING PROFESSOR HARE'S ARRIVAL...



HALF PAST EIGHT! HARE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!



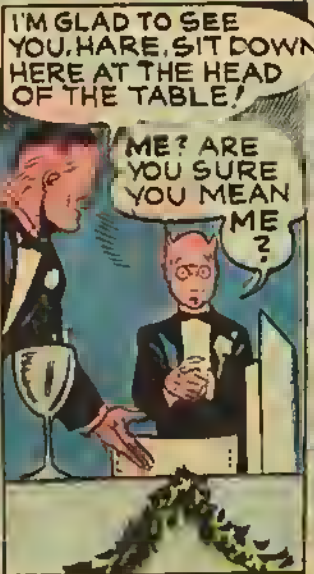
THIS WAY, PROF HARE! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

OH DEAR. I HOPE DEAN GRAY ISN'T TOO ANGRY WITH ME!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, HARE. SIT DOWN HERE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE!

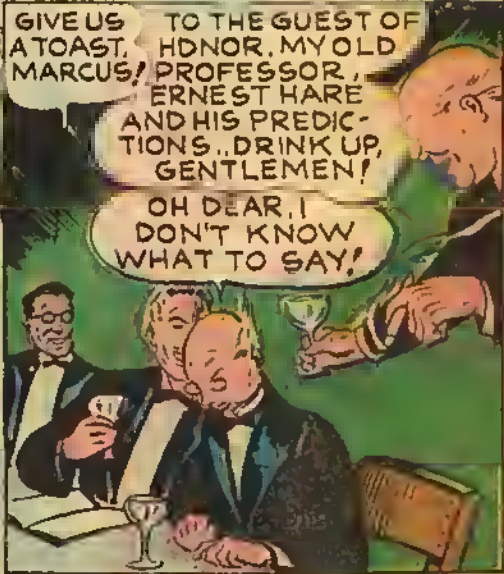
ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?



GIVE US A TOAST, HONOR. MY OLD MARCHUS!

TO THE GUEST OF HONOR. MY OLD PROFESSOR, ERNEST HARE AND HIS PREDICTIONS... DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN!

OH DEAR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



HARE CERTAINLY HAD THINGS FIGURED OUT RIGHT FOR ME ONCE HE CAUGHT ME SMOKING IN CLASS, AND HE SAID TOBACCO WOULD BE MY RUIN!



AND I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO - SOME PREDICTION, EH, HARE?

THAT'S WHY THEY BROUGHT ME HERE.. TO MAKE ME!

THAT'S A GOOD ONE - HA, HA!



I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE COME HARE. DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT EITHER!



I, TOO, WANT TO THANK PROFESSOR HARE FOR HIS PREDICTION ABOUT ME...



SPEAK UP, DEVERE!

HE SAID THAT MY HIGH-STRUNG, ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME - INSTEAD IT HAS MADE ME A FAMOUS ARTIST!



HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT ONE, HARE?

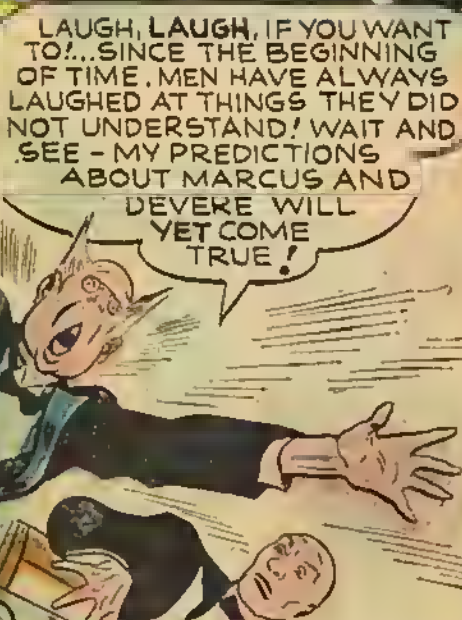
I CAN'T STAND THIS! THEY SHOULDN'T MAKE FUN OF ME! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM?



HARE! HARE!... HAVE YOU GONE MAO?



LAUGH, LAUGH, IF YOU WANT TO... SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, MEN HAVE ALWAYS LAUGHED AT THINGS THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND! WAIT AND SEE - MY PREDICTIONS ABOUT MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL YET COME TRUE!



THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!... I WARNED YOU, HARE!



GET OUT! AND DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK! YOU'RE FIRED!

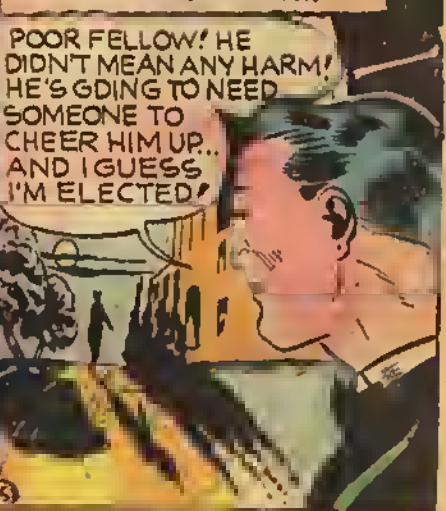


IN SULLEN, UNNATURAL SILENCE HARE LEAVES...



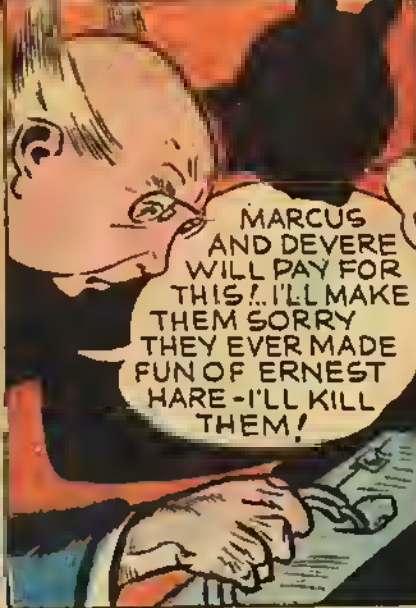
BOB DICKERING WATCHES FROM A DOORWAY...

POOR FELLOW! HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! HE'S GOING TO NEED SOMEONE TO CHEER HIM UP... AND I GUESS I'M ELECTED!

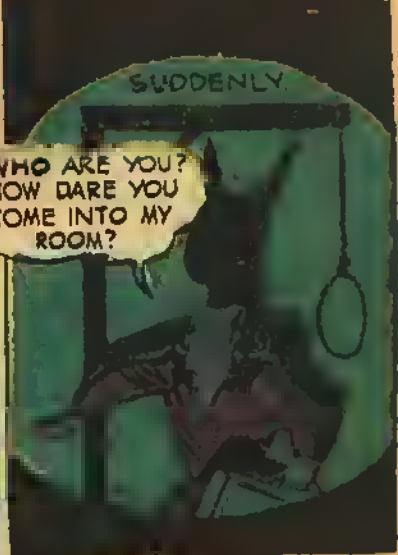


IN HIS ROOMS, A DIFFERENT ERNEST HARE, GRIM, RESOLVED, GOES ON WITH HIS PACKING...

LAUGH, WILL THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH!



MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL PAY FOR THIS! I'LL MAKE THEM SORRY THEY EVER MADE FUN OF ERNEST HARE - I'LL KILL THEM!

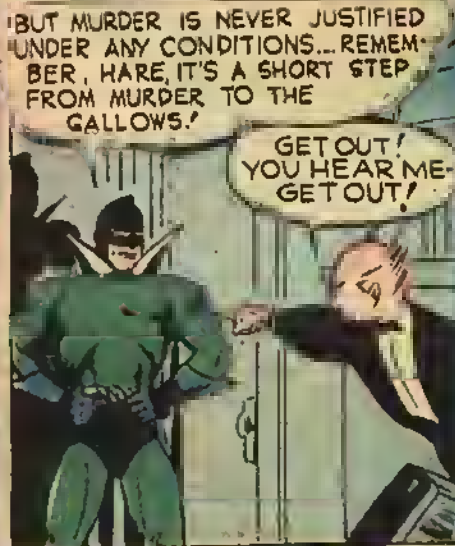


SUDDENLY

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU COME INTO MY ROOM?



I'VE COME AS YOUR FRIEND, HARE TO WARN YOU... YOU HAVE GOOD REASON TO BE ANGRY...



BUT MURDER IS NEVER JUSTIFIED UNDER ANY CONDITIONS... REMEMBER, HARE, IT'S A SHORT STEP FROM MURDER TO THE GALLOWS!

GET OUT! YOU HEAR ME - GET OUT!

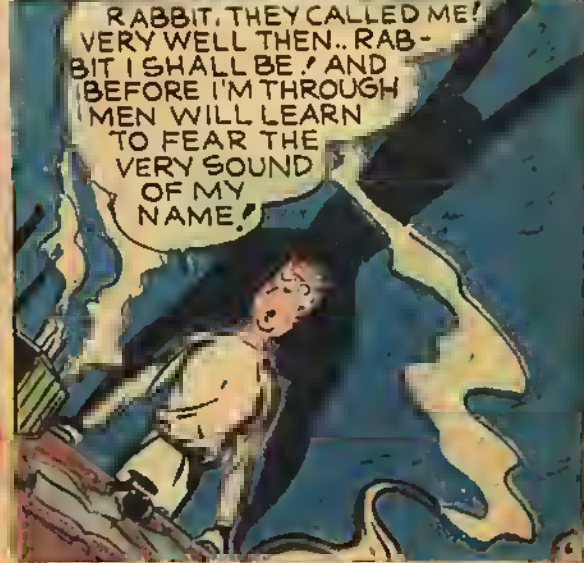


HE'S GONE!



MY EXPERIMENTS... THE WORK OF A LIFE-TIME! THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR THEM FROM NOW ON!

FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD... ERNEST HARE IS DEAD!



RABBIT, THEY CALLED ME! VERY WELL THEN.. RABBIT I SHALL BE, AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH MEN WILL LEARN TO FEAR THE VERY SOUND OF MY NAME!

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE APARTMENT OF MARCUS, THE TOBACCO MANUFACTURER...

FLOWERS FOR YOU, SIR, FROM ONE SIGNED, THE RABBIT!

A FUNERAL WREATH... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

IN THE MORNING PAPER, SIR, THEY PRINTED YOUR OBITUARY!

HELLO, ARE YOU THE EDITOR? MY NAME IS MARCUS... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PRINTING MY OBITUARY IN YOUR PAPER? GOOD LORD, DO I SOUND LIKE A DEAD MAN?

EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, MARCUS FALTERS, HIS VOICE BECOMES A WHISPER-AND THEN...

JERVIS... THAT CIGAR... I'VE BEEN POISONED!

HELLO! HELLO! YES, MR. MARCUS IS DEAD HE JUST DIED... HE'S BEEN POISONED!

BOB DICKERING READS THE ACCOUNT OF MARCUS' STRANGE DEATH...

JUST AS PROF. HARE PREDICTED... HE DIED FROM TOBACCO! THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO!

AT THELMA'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

THELMA, CAN I HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR LATEST BATCH OF OBITUARIES?

CERTAINLY, BOB... WHAT'S THE MATTER? EXPECTING SOME RICH UNCLE TO DIE AND LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS?

THAT ONE CAME IN THIS MORNING. A FUNNY LITTLE MAN ASKED TO HAVE IT PUT IN TOMORROW'S PAPER!

IT'S SIGNED "THE RABBIT"!

THELMA, LISTEN TO THIS....
"HENRY DEVERE, ARTIST,
DIED SUDDENLY..." I'LL
BET DEVERE'S NO MORE
DEAD THAN I AM!



HELLO, IS THAT YOU,
DEVERE?... I THOUGHT
SO! NOW, LISTEN CARE-
FULLY... DON'T GO OUT
OF YOUR ROOMS! DON'T
SEE ANYONE UNTIL I
GET
THERE!



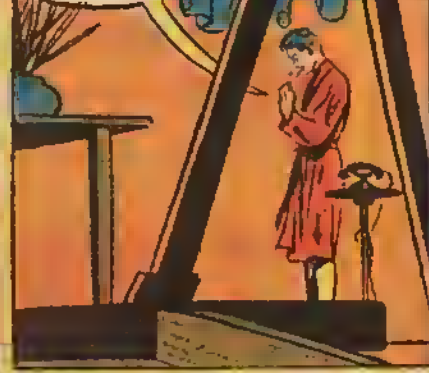
WHAT'S THAT...
YOU SAY? SOME-
ONE'S TRYING
TO MURDER
ME! I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



ALL RIGHT, BOB.
IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL
WAIT UNTIL YOU
COME!



BOB DICKERING
ISN'T THE EXCIT-
ABLE SORT.... I
WONDER... WHY
SHOULD ANY-
ONE WANT
TO KILL
ME?



THIS WAITING'S BE-
GINNING TO GET ON
MY NERVES. I'LL HAVE
TO GET HOLD OF MY-
SELF... I'D BETTER DO
SOME PAINTING!



DEVERE THROWS BACK
THE DRAPE FROM HIS
EASEL AND...



A DEATH'S
HEAD!.....
GOOD
HEAVENS!
THE MURDERER
MUST BE HERE,
IN THIS HOUSE!

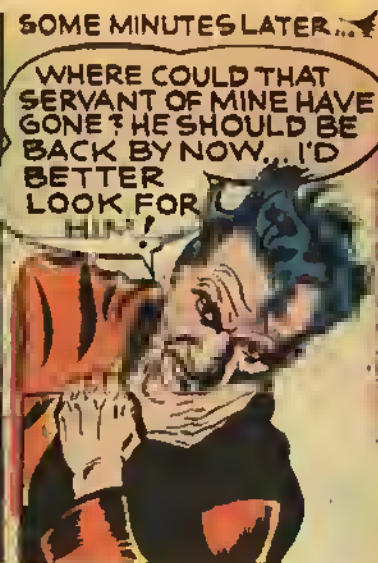


ROGER!
COME HERE
AT ONCE!





ROGER, LOCK ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS! HURRY, MAN, DON'T STAND THERE GAPING AT ME!



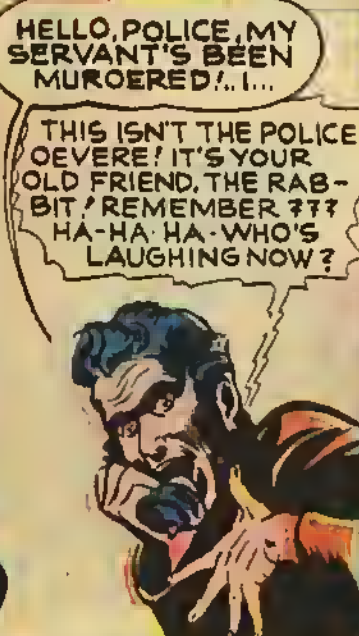
SOME MINUTES LATER...
WHERE COULD THAT SERVANT OF MINE HAVE GONE? HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW... I'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM!



ROGER! ROGER! WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?



OHH!



HELLO, POLICE, MY SERVANT'S BEEN MURDERED!... I...
THIS ISN'T THE POLICE, DEVERE! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE RABBIT! REMEMBER ??? HA-HA-HA-WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY ROOM - I'LL BE SAFE THERE!



AS HE REACHES THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, DEVERE TURNS...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! DON'T COME NEAR ME, DON'T!



TERROR STRICKEN, DEVERE BACKS TOWARD THE STAIRCASE...



HE STUMBLES, LOSES HIS BALANCE AND...

HELP!



HIS NECK'S BROKEN!...SO I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL... THAT NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT OF YOURS DID PROVE FATAL, DEVERE!



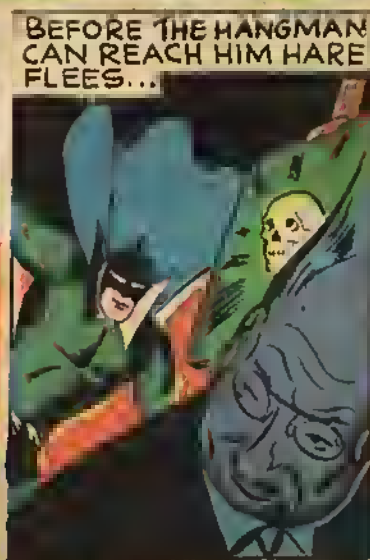
AND THEN...

THE HANGMAN!



YOU TOOK THAT STEPI WARNED YOU ABOUT HARE, AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK!

YOU... HANG MAN!



BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM HARE FLEES...



YOU WON'T GET FAR!



BUT HARE MEETS THE ON-RUSHING HANGMAN WITH A VICIOUS KICK...



AND ESCAPES...



WITH THE HANGMAN HOT IN PURSUIT...

FLEET AS HIS NAMESAKE, THE RABBIT, THE PROFESSOR OUT-DISTANCES HIS PURSUER....



THE CHASE LEADS THROUGH UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...



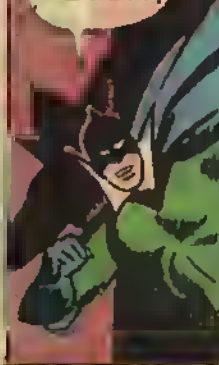
THERE HE GOES! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED THIS TIME!



AS THE HANGMAN ENTERS, THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.....



THE INDICATORS STOPPED. HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT ON THAT FLOOR!



THE HANGMAN SEES A LIGHT BURNING IN A CLASSROOM, BURSTS IN AND...



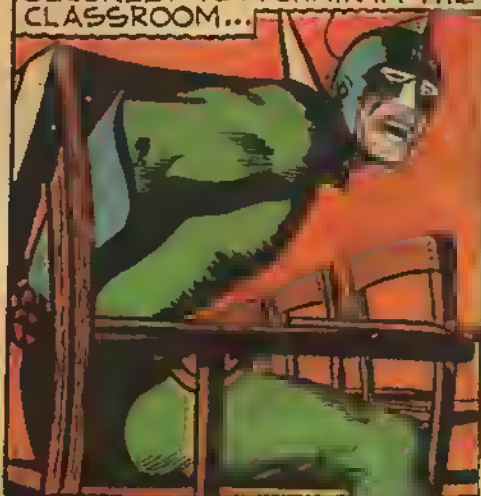
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET...NOT WHILE I STILL HAVE.....



THE BULLET ONLY CREASED HIM. HE'S STILL ALIVE BUT I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT!



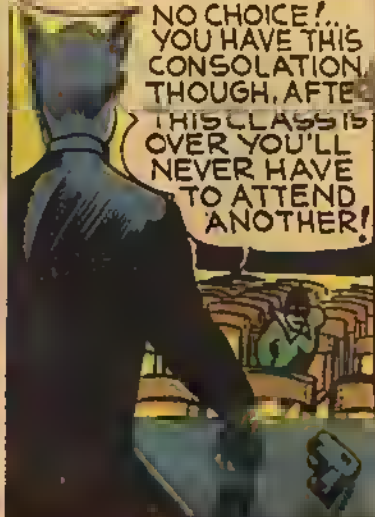
CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE HANGMAN AND HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS BOUND SECURELY TO A CHAIR IN THE CLASSROOM...



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A STUDENT, HANGMAN?



AN UNWILLING STUDENT, PERHAPS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!... YOU HAVE THIS CONSOLATION THOUGH, AFTER THIS CLASS IS OVER YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO ATTEND ANOTHER!



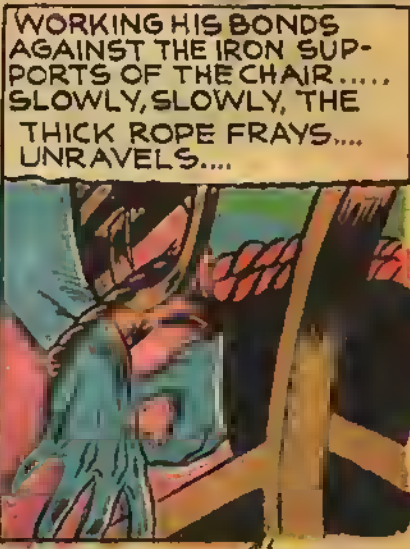
THIS IS MY PREDICTION FOR YOU, HANGMAN! A SHORT LIFE WITH A SUDDEN AND VIOLENT DEATH!



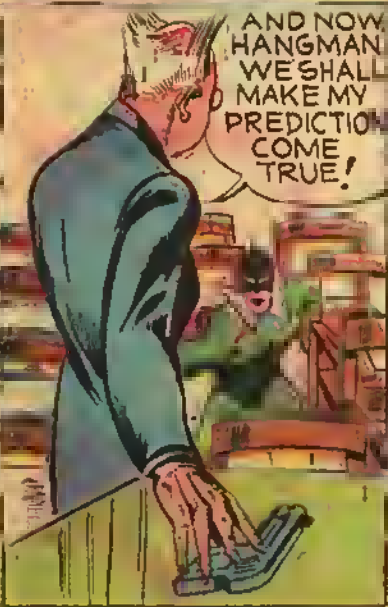
THE HANGMAN FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF.



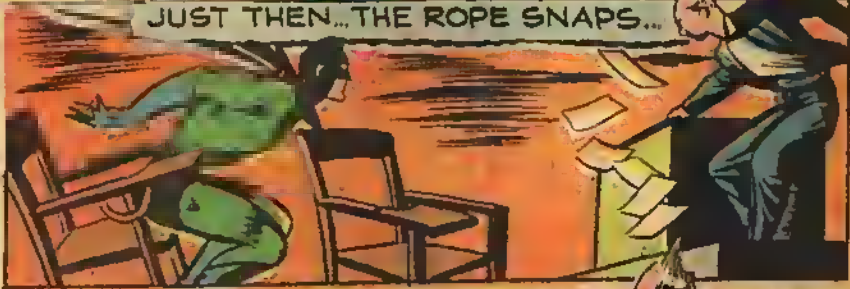
WORKING HIS BONDS AGAINST THE IRON SUPPORTS OF THE CHAIR.... SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE THICK ROPE FRAYS... UNRAVELS....



AND NOW HANGMAN WE SHALL MAKE MY PREDICTION COME TRUE!




JUST THEN...THE ROPE SNAPS...




I'M COMING AFTER YOU, HARE!

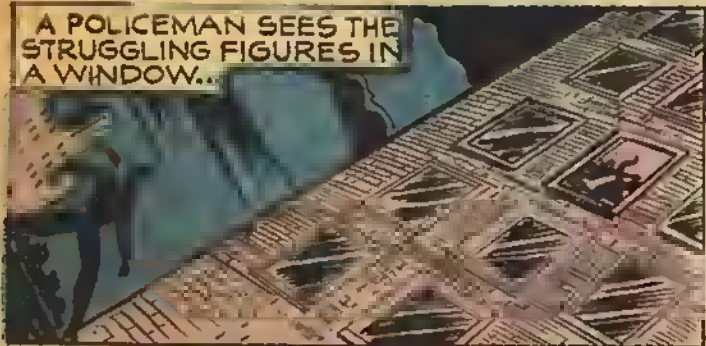


A close-up of Batman and Hare in a physical struggle. Batman is on the left, wearing his mask and blue suit, holding Hare. Hare is on the right, wearing a blue suit and a white mask with a single eye visible. He is holding a gun.


YOU'VE
MADE YOUR LAST
PREDICTION!

Hare is shown driving the gun into Batman's chest. Batman is lying on the ground, and Hare is leaning over him.


THE HANGMAN
DRIVES THE
GUN FROM
HARE'S HAND
WITH A SHAT-
TERING BLOW.

A policeman is looking out of a window of a building. He is wearing a blue uniform and a cap. The building has many windows.

A POLICEMAN SEES THE
STRUGGLING FIGURES IN
A WINDOW..

Hare is swinging on a rope, holding it with both hands. He is wearing a blue suit and a white mask with a single eye visible. Batman is also swinging on the rope, holding it with one hand.


THIS IS IT, HARE!

Hare is holding a rope, looking up at it. He is wearing a blue suit and a white mask with a single eye visible. Batman is also holding the rope, looking down at it.

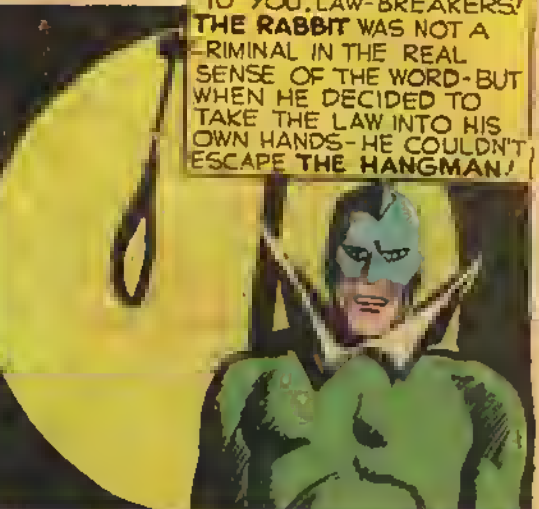
AND NOW I'VE GOT
A PREDICTION FOR
YOU, HARE. YOU'VE
COME TO THE END OF
YOUR ROPE. NOW
THERE'S ANOTHER
KIND OF ROPE WAIT-
ING FOR YOU...

Hare and Batman are falling through the air. Hare is on top of Batman, and they are both holding onto each other. They are wearing their respective costumes.

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!

Hare and Batman are falling through the air. Hare is on top of Batman, and they are both holding onto each other. They are wearing their respective costumes.

THE POLICE!!! SEE PROFESSOR.
MY PREDICTION IS COMING
TRUE ALREADY!

Hare and Batman are falling through the air. Hare is on top of Batman, and they are both holding onto each other. They are wearing their respective costumes.

LET THIS BE A WARNING
TO YOU, LAW-BREAKERS!
THE RABBIT WAS NOT A
CRIMINAL IN THE REAL
SENSE OF THE WORD - BUT
WHEN HE DECIDED TO
TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS
OWN HANDS - HE COULDN'T
ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!



LIVE BY THE GUN AND DIE BY—THE HANGMAN

•

Later, in his dim lighted rooms, Bob Dickering changed before the mirror. Changed to the costume of The Hangman!

Those two men who called on Langley had been carrying shoulder holsters and Langley was obviously worried about their

threat to play "records."

As The Hangman, dreaded arch-foe of crime, Bob Dickering intended to find the answer to the secret!

He found Langley alone in his study. From the window he saw Langley staring at a gun before he lifted it to his temple.

"Don't pull the trigger!" a sharp voice commanded him.

Langley looked up, startled. In the room there now stood a mysterious figure, a powerfully built man, with a black cape around his shoulders, his face hidden by a hood through which his eyes gleamed intently.

"Who—who are you?" Langley demanded.

The mysterious man spoke in a harsh and challenging tone, "Men call me The Hangman!" He moved closer to Langley, bent over and fixed him with his gleaming eyes. "This evening two men called, and threat-

BOB DICKERING and his friend, Langley, were talking quietly together when the two men came in.

"Well, Langley?" asked the taller of the two men. "We gave you until tonight. Have ya got it for us?"

"Why . . . er . . . not tonight. I'll have it for you in the morning." Langley seemed nervous. He was pale and beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

The tall man looked Langley over with a long, cold stare. "You better have it," he said. "If you don't, we're going to play a couple of records. Understand?"

When the two men had gone, Bob Dickering turned to his friend. "Who were those boorish fellows, Langley?" he asked with pretended unconcern. "Friends of yours?"

Langley did not answer for a moment. Then he looked up with a start. "No," he said. "No, I wouldn't call them friends."

ened you. Is that why you were going to kill yourself?"

Langley stared. "Yes. They were blackmailing me. But I've no more money to pay them. And if they play those records—the scandal will ruin me!"

"Tell me about the records," The Hangman commanded.

Langley obeyed. There was no resisting the dominating will of The Hangman.

Langley told how once, at a party, a man named Salko, a hypnotist, performed for them. Later, Salko offered to give any of them a private demonstration of his powers, at his own studio. Langley accepted.

He had thought the experiment would be interesting. It was more than that.

When Salko awakened Langley from his trance, he played a record for him. The record was of Langley's own voice, telling about an escapade of his youth, a harmless adventure that would prove disastrous now to a man in Langley's position.

Salko demanded money, threatening to send the record to the newspapers if he was not paid.

Langley buried his head on his arms. "But I can't pay anymore! There's no way out for me . . . I'm ruined!"

He heard no answer. At last he looked up. The mysterious caped figure had vanished. The Hangman had disappeared into the shadows of the night.

A short time later, in the studios of Salko, the hypnotist, three men were in conference.

Salko, dressed in a long flowing green robe, and ornamented headdress, was giving further orders to his two henchmen.

Suddenly a shadow fell across their faces. It was the shadow of the gallows—the calling card of that scourge of criminals, The Hangman! "I know your blackmail scheme, Salko," said The Hangman. "It was a clever idea—but it won't work anymore! Give me those records!"

Salko's hand dipped beneath his green robe and came out with a gun.

Like a cat, The Hangman ducked and came up under the shot. His fist crashed to Salko's jaw. The hypnotist slammed back into the wall, his gun falling from nerveless fingers.

The Hangman bent and hit the first gangster with a body block just below the knees. The gangster went up and over his back and landed on the floor with a jarring thump.

The other gangster was clawing at his gun when The Hangman hit him. He gave a low moan, and dropped like a plummet.

"Had enough?" The Hangman asked.

Salko's answer was a quick grab for the gun he had dropped. He was too late. The Hangman's foot came down on his wrist with bone-shattering impact. Salko groaned, and fainted.

One of the gangsters crawled back to his knees. All the fight was gone out of him. He gasped weakly as The Hangman pulled him erect.

"Don't hit me again," he pleaded. "I'll talk. I'll tell everything!"

The Hangman's voice was stern. "After you tell me where to find those records, you'll do your talking to the police!"

Later, Bob Dickering and Langley were sitting together in his study. "I got the record back in the mail this morning," Langley said. "I owe everything to The Hangman. If there was only some way I could show my gratitude."

Bob Dickering said, "Whoever he is, The Hangman sounds like a very interesting fellow."

"He's wonderful! I just hope you'll have the pleasure of meeting him someday!"

Langley never did understand why Bob Dickering's only answer to this was an amused smile.

ROY & DUSTY
THE SUPER-BOY THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 3



COME BACK,
YOU YOUNG
RASCAL!

NOT A CHANCE,
WIZARD!.. NO DICE
ON THAT PROPOS-
ITION!

NOTHING
DOING, I TELL
YOU, SHIELD!
I WON'T GO!

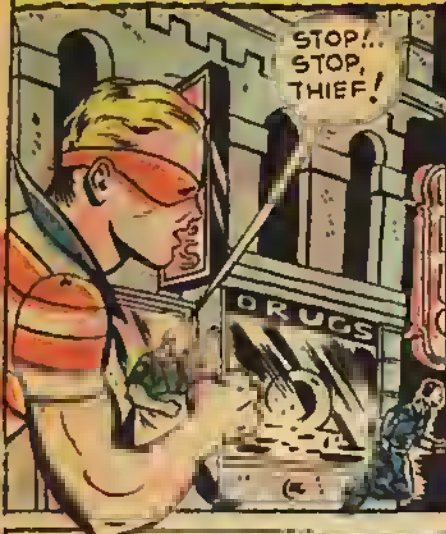
HELLO, WIZARD!..
HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT
WITH ROY?
I CAN'T DO
A THING
WITH
DUSTY!!

GAME HERE! THOSE
TWO BANTAMS CER-
TAINLY HAVE IDEAS
OF THEIR
OWN!

TALK ABOUT DOUBLE TROUBLE.. THOSE
YOUNG RASCALS ARE AT IT AGAIN...
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE SHIELD
AND THE WIZARD THINK THAT DUSTY
AND ROY GIVE THEM MORE TROUBLE
THAN THEY DO THE UNDERWORLD -
AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...

by *Bill Woolfolk*
BILL WOOLFOLK

LATER, WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS, ROY SEES...



STOP...
STOP,
THIEF!

STOP THIEF, EH!
I'LL STOP HIM...
AND HOW!



JUST AS ROY BRINGS
DOWN THE FLEEING
SNEAK-THIEF, DUSTY
COMES RUNNING UP.



UGH... LET
ME GO!

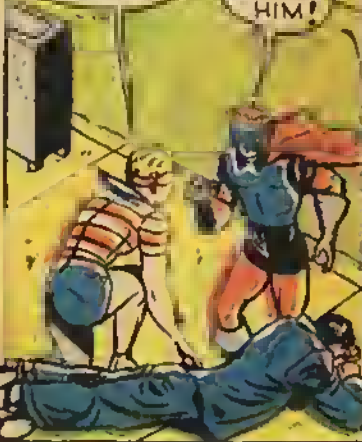
BOY, THAT'S
THROWING HIM
FOR A TEN YARD
LOSS, ROY!...
WHAT'S UP?

SEARCH ME
DUSTY! MUST
BE A SHOP-
LIFTER OF
SOME KIND!



KIND OF A NICE
LOOKING YOUNG
FELLER, TOO!
HOPE I DIDN'T
HURT HIM!

PROBABLY
ONLY
KNOCKED
THE WIND
OUT OF
HIM!



HERE COMES
THE GUY WHO'D
BE YELLING!

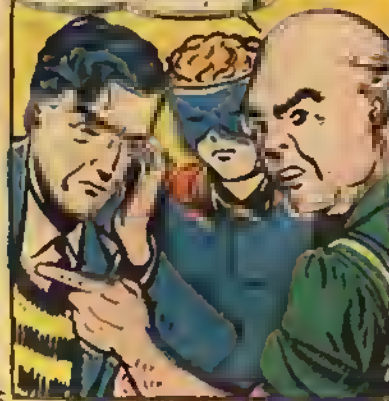


WHAT
HAPPENED
MISTER?

HE'S ONE OF SMILEY
JOE MARTIN'S HOOD-
LUMS... YOU KNOW -
THE PROTECTION
RACKETEER!

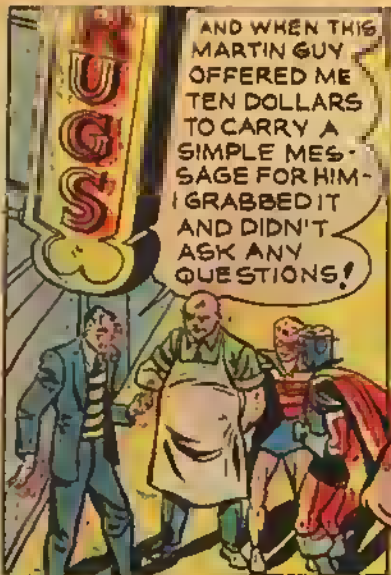


I WARNED MARTIN I WOULDN'T
PAY, AND THE NEXT TIME HE
CAME AROUND I'D CALL THE
POLICE ON HIM. SO TODAY,
THIS ONE COMES TO MY STORE
AND TELLS ME SMILEY SENT
HIM TO WARN ME!



THAT'S RIGHT! HE DID,
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
THE WARNING WAS FOR...
I'M BROKE AND NEED A
JOB BADLY!





AND WHEN THIS MARTIN GUY OFFERED ME TEN DOLLARS TO CARRY A SIMPLE MESSAGE FOR HIM- I GRABBED IT AND DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!



HMM... YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE, HONEST BOY, AT THAT... I TELL YOU WHAT... JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY I AM, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB!



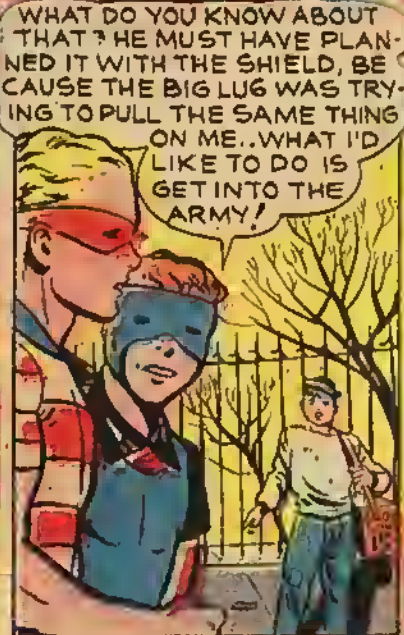
WELL, THAT'S ONE GOOD DEED FOR TODAY... I FEEL LIKE A BOY SCOUT!

ME TOO... SO LONG, AND- GOOD LUCK!



FUNNY, RUNNING INTO YOU THIS WAY, DUSTY. I WAS JUST DUCKING

THE WIZARD... HE'S TRYING TO GET ME TO GO TO SOME SISSY PREP SCHOOL!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? HE MUST HAVE PLANNED IT WITH THE SHIELD, BECAUSE THE BIG LUG WAS TRYING TO PULL THE SAME THING ON ME... WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS GET INTO THE ARMY!



AND NOW, OUR SCENE CHANGES FOR THE MOMENT... SMILEY JOE MARTIN'S APARTMENT.

SO THAT GROCER MUG WON'T PAY UP, EH? I'LL DROP IN ON HIM POISONALLY!



SMILEY JOE!

SO, YA PUNK... I SEND YA OUT ON A JOB AND YA WIND UP WORKIN' AGAINST ME, HUH?



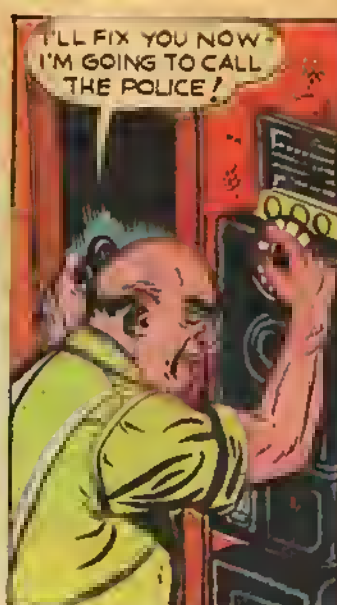
OKAY! I'LL MAKE SURE I GET THE DOUGH THIS TIME!

PUT UP THAT GUN, SMILEY!





YOU... YOU
MURDERING
RACKETEER!
YOU'VE KILLED
HIM!



I'LL FIX YOU NOW -
I'M GOING TO CALL
THE POLICE!



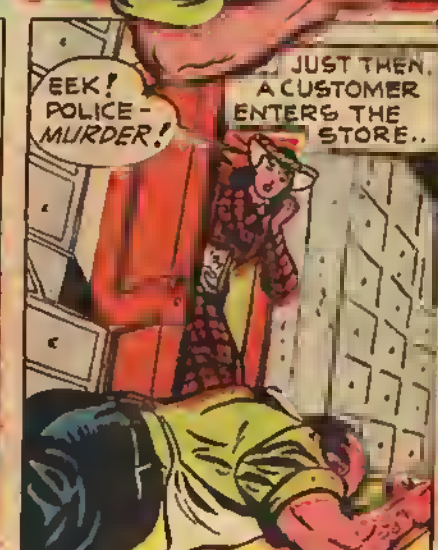
YOU'LL FIX ME, HUH!
I'LL DO A LITTLE
FIXIN' OF MY
OWN - SUCKER!



NOW I'LL PLANT
THIS ROD ON THE
YOUNG PUNK --
AND LET HIM TAKE
THE RAP!



OWOO --
MY HEAD --
WHAT HAP-
PENED?



EEEK!
POLICE -
MURDER!

JUST THEN,
A CUSTOMER
ENTERS THE
STORE..



HEY, WHAT'S ALL THE
RUMPUS OVER THERE?
CLEAR THE WAY EVERY-
BODY!



SAY, ROY, ISN'T THAT OUR
GROCER-FRIEND'S STORE
THE CROWD IS RUNNING TO

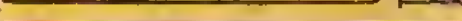
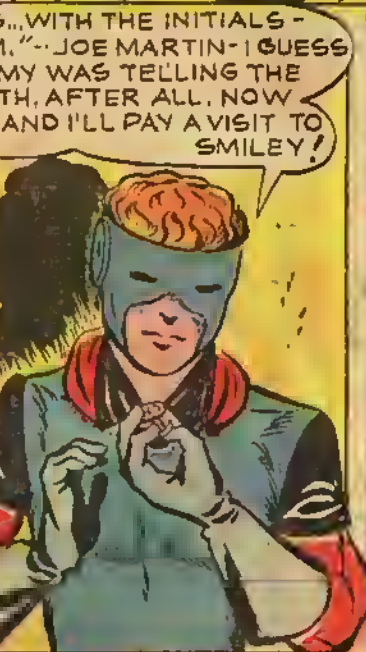
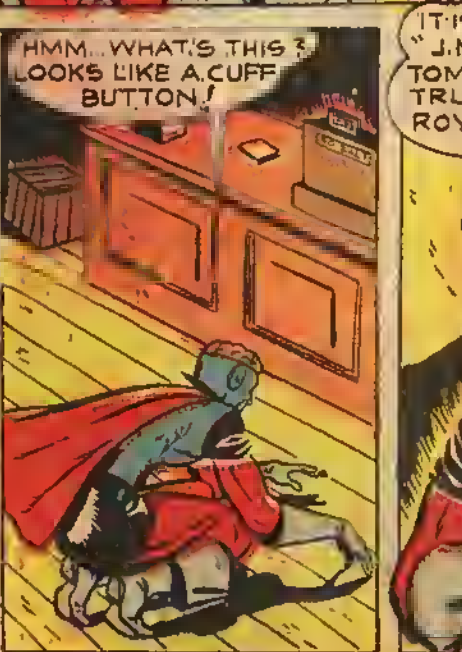
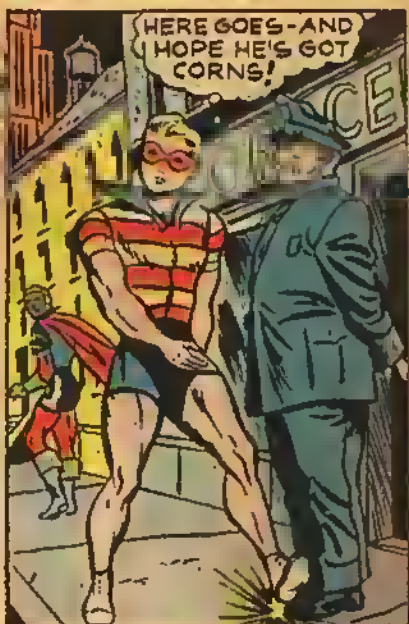
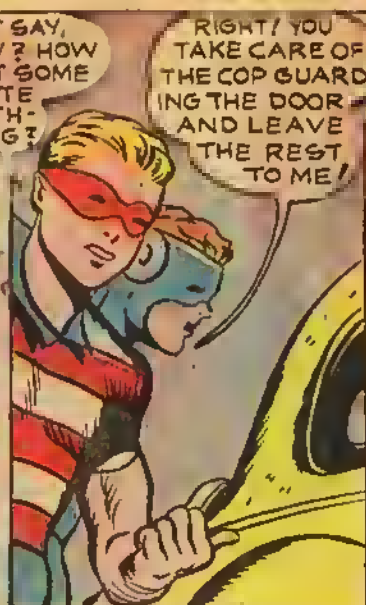
YEAH, WHAT'S
HAPPENED NOW?



I DIDN'T
KILL HIM,
I TELL YOU
IT WAS
SMILEY
MARTIN!

SHUT UP -
AND KEEP
WALKING!

STAND
BACK,
YOU
TWO!



THAT'S THAT...
AND NOW, LET'S
PAY OUR RESPECTS
TO SMILEY!

WHAT IN...
LOOK
WHAT'S
COMIN'
SMILEY!

HIYA, SMILEY...WE
WERE OUT SLUM-
MING SO WE
THOUGHT WE'D
DROP IN ON YOU!

LOOK, SMILEY, YOU KILLED
THAT GROCER. THIS CUFF-
LINK OF YOURS I FOUND
ON THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME PROVES IT!

PRETTY SMART-
AREN'T
YOU?

PRETTY DUMB,
I'D SAY, TO WALK
IN HERE LIKE
THIS... I GOT
THIS ONE,
SMILEY!

AND I'LL
HANDLE
HIM!

YEOWWWW!

BUT ALL THE
THUGS HAVE
SUCCEEDED IN
DOING IS
SETTING
THE FUSE
TO TWIN
BOMB-
SHELLS...

ROY...BEHIND
YOU...SMILEY'S
TRYING TO
GET AWAY!

THAT'S
TOO
BAD...

...FOR
SMILEY!

THUMP

NDW, LET'S SEE...THIS
LOOKS LIKE A DESK
IN
WHICH WE MIGHT FIND
ALL KINDS OF INTEREST-
ING INFORMATION...



WELL, WELL... THE POLICE HERE ALREADY?

WHAT'S GOING ON, HERE? WHO SENT IN A CALL?

WE DID, WE EXPECTED TO FIND SOMETHING THE POLICE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN - AND WE DID. HERE! SOME RECORDS THAT GANGSTER SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT LYING AROUND.

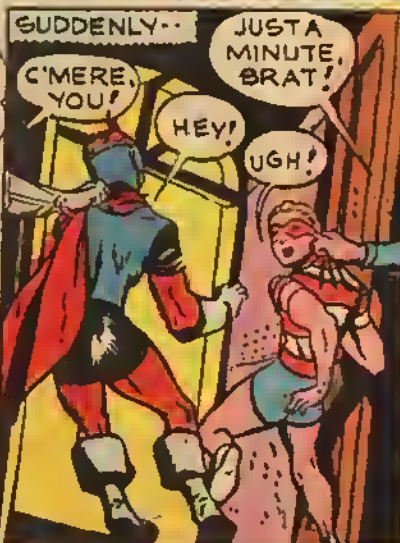


YOU'LL FIND THE MURDERED GROCER'S NAME THERE AS ONE OF HIS 'CUSTOMERS' - THAT AND THE CUFF LINK WE FOUND NEXT TO THE VICTIM -- FIGURE IT OUT.



DO YOU THINK THAT'LL CONVINCE 'EM THAT TOMMY'S INNOCENT!

YOU BET IT WILL - ESPECIALLY WITH SMILEY. THE POLICE DON'T NEED MUCH CONVINCING WITH THAT RACKETEER!



SUDDENLY--

C'MERE, YOU!

JUST A MINUTE, BRAT!

HEY!

UGH!

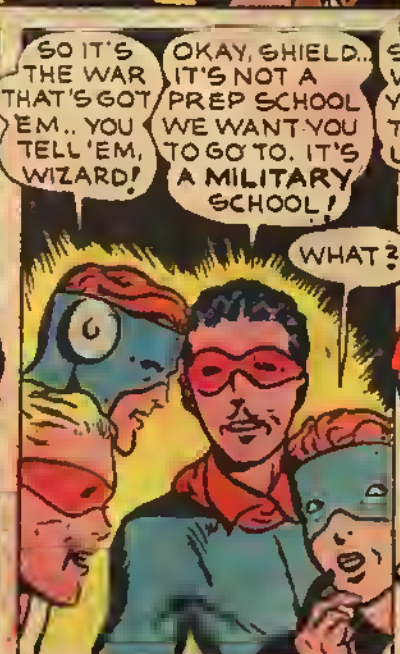


SO WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

HOW LONG DID YOU THINK YOU COULD DODGE US?



LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MINDS ABOUT THAT SISSY PREP SCHOOL - WE HOPE - TYING US UP IN A PLACE LIKE THAT WITH A WAR GOING ON, HUH!



SO IT'S THE WAR THAT'S GOT 'EM.. YOU TELL 'EM, WIZARD!

OKAY, SHIELD.. IT'S NOT A PREP SCHOOL WE WANT YOU TO GO TO. IT'S A MILITARY SCHOOL!

WHAT?



MILITARY SCHOOL...WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! THAT'S RIGHT UP OUR ALLEY!

YOU BET! WHEN DO WE START?

RIGHT NOW!

SPECIAL
CASE
No. 4



LISTEN, FELLAS, THIS TIME
WE'VE REALLY GOT HOLD OF
AN IDEA - AN IDEA THAT ALL
OF YOU CAN JOIN IN! I'M
NOT GOING TO TELL YOU
WHAT IT IS - JUST READ
THE STORY AND FIND
OUT!



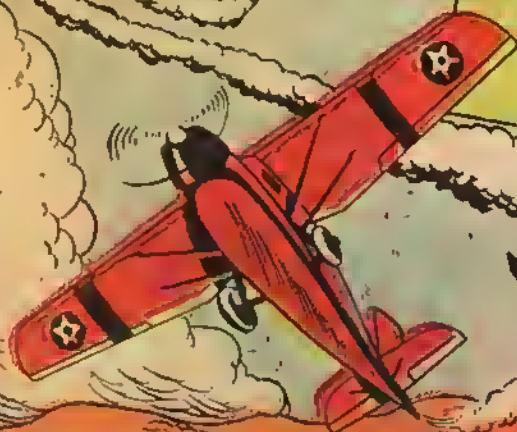
ROY and DUSTY

THE
SUPER-BOY... THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

Operation Midland

YOU TELL 'EM,
DUSTY! THIS IDEA IS
SO BIG WE'RE GOING
TO NEED ALL THE HELP
WE CAN GET! I'LL BET
OUR FRIENDS ARE GO-
ING TO COME THROUGH
FOR US, TOO!

SINCE UNCLE SAM GOT INTO
THIS BIG SCRAP, ROY AND
DUSTY HAVE BEEN ACHING
TO GET INTO ACTION! SO
FAR THE BEST THEY COULD
DO IS GET THEMSELVES
ENROLLED AS CADETS
IN A MILITARY SCHOOL
THAT'S WHERE WE
FIND THEM AS THE
STORY BEGINS...



by BILL WOOLFOLK &
PAUL REINMAN



TEN-GRUN
EYES RIGHT!



PLATOONS-
FORWARD
MARCH!



ONE-TWO,
ONE-TWO-
LET'S GET
SOME SNAP
IN IT!



ALL RIGHT,
YOU CAN STOP TRY-
ING TO ACT LIKE SOL-
DIERS NOW! BREAK
RANKS!



WHEW! THAT
WAS SOME
WORKOUT!

I'LL
SAY!



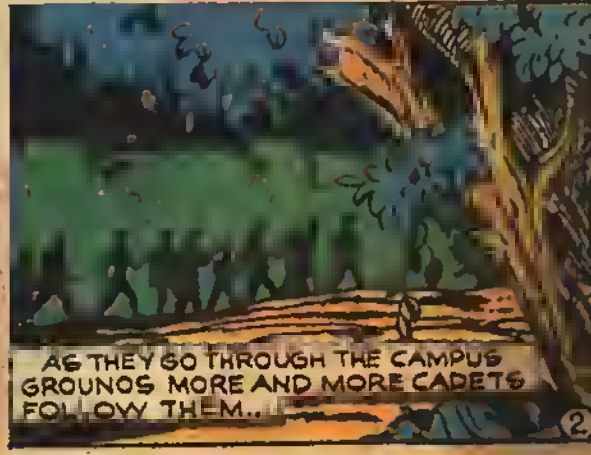
ROY TAKES A FEW OF
THEIR FRIENDS ASIDE...



IT'S
RIGHT
OVER
THIS
WAY!

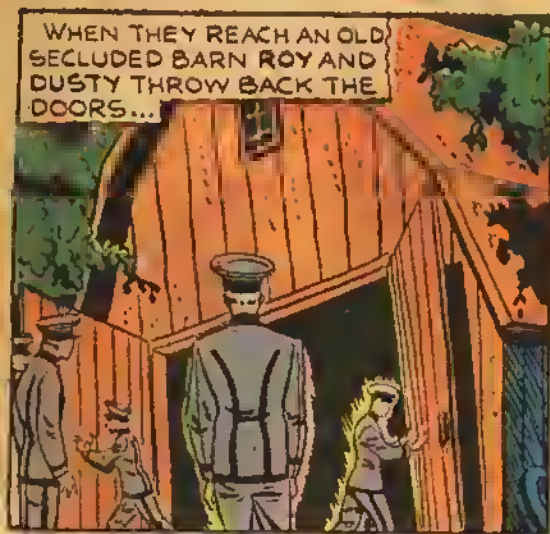


LOOK BEHIND YOU!
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A CROWD
WATCHING
US!



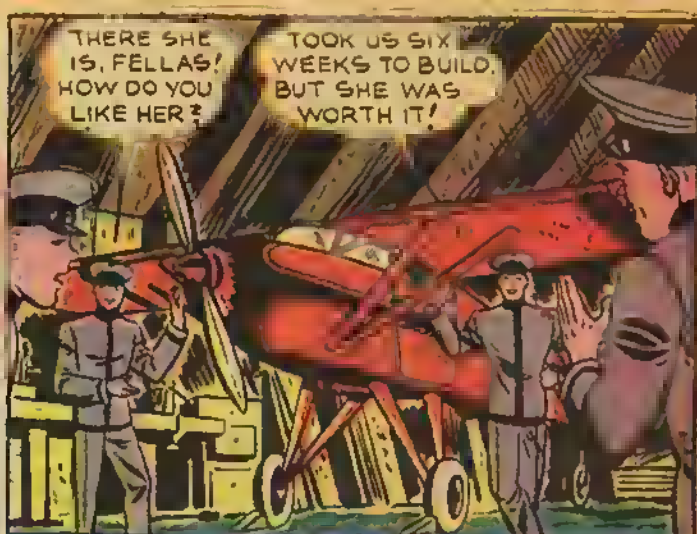
AS THEY GO THROUGH THE CAMPUS
GROUNDS MORE AND MORE CADETS
FOLLOW THEM...

WHEN THEY REACH AN OLD
SECLUDED BARN ROY AND
DUSTY THROW BACK THE
DOORS...



THERE SHE
IS, FELLAS!
HOW DO YOU
LIKE HER?

TOOK US SIX
WEEKS TO BUILD.
BUT SHE WAS
WORTH IT!

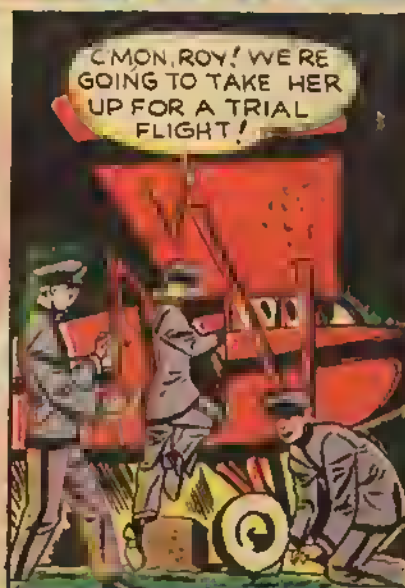


BRAVO!

HOORAY
FOR ROY AND
DUSTY!



C'MON, ROY! WE'RE
GOING TO TAKE HER
UP FOR A TRIAL
FLIGHT!



WITH THE CADETS
LENDING A WILLING
HAND THE PLANE
IS TRUNDLED OUT
OF THE BARN...



ROY AND DUSTY WARM THE
MOTOR, THERE IS A ROAR OF
ENGINES AND THE PLANE
ROLLS FORWARD...

THEY'RE OFF!
YIPPEE!



O BOY! WE
MADE IT! WE'RE
FLYING!



SUDDENLY-

HEY, ROY!
THE JOY-STICK!
IT'S STUCK!

THE PLANE'S OUT OF
CONTROL! OH, GOSH
AND GOLLY!

THE OFFICER OF THE DAY
SPOTS THE WILDLY
VEERING PLANE...

DOWN..DOWN!
JUST MISSING A ROOF-
TOP, THE PLANE PLUNGES
IN ITS FINAL DIVE!

IF THEY GET OUT OF
THERE ALIVE THEY'LL
WISH THEY HADN'T!

DO
YOU FEEL
OKAY, ROY?

I THINK SO... ON
SECOND THOUGHT
MAYBE I DON'T -
HERE COMES THE
O.O.!

COME ON! I'M TAKING
YOU TO THE COMMAN-
DANT! HE'LL KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
YOU!

AND THAT'S
THE STORY,
SIR!

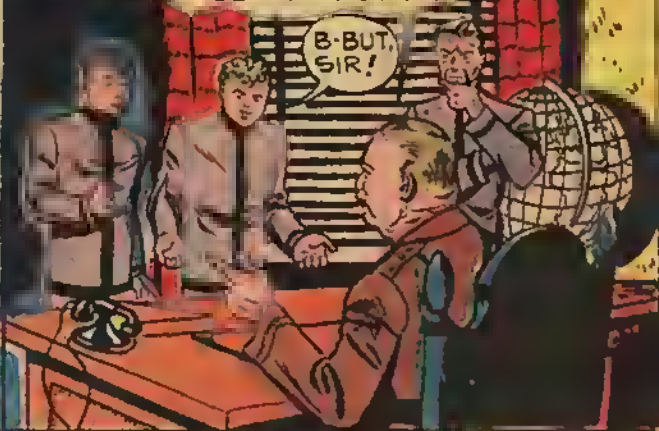
HMM...

IT'S TIME YOU
CADETS REALIZED
THIS IS NOT A FLYING
SCHOOL! YOU'RE BEING
TRAINED TO BE
SOLDIERS, NOT
AIRPLANE
PILOTS!



YOU'LL BE CONFINED TO
BARRACKS FOR THE NEXT
WEEK! THAT'S ALL!

B-BUT,
SIR!



DOGGONE IT! HOW CAN WE
MAKE THEM REALIZE THAT WE
YOUNG FELLOWS WANT TO
FLY, TOO!



SAY, DUSTY! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!



WE'LL TELLOUR
STORY TO SOME-
ONE WHO WILL
LISTEN., UNCLE
SAM!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MAJOR
NEILSON, U.S. ARMY FLYING
CORPS...

SON, I'VE JUST
HEARD YOU WERE GOING
TO SOLO TOMORROW. I'M
PROUD OF YOU!



PARDON ME, SIR!
THERE ARE TWO BOYS
OUTSIDE WHO WOULD
LIKE TO SEE YOU!

SHOW
THEM
IN!



MAJOR NEILSON?
WE'VE GOT A PLAN THAT
WE THINK WILL INTER-
EST YOU!

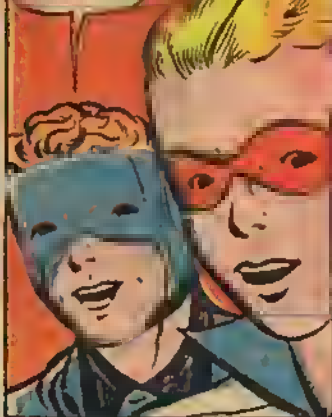


THE COUNTRY NEEDS PILOTS
RIGHT NOW-AND FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME-RIGHT? THAT'S
WHERE WE YOUNG FELLOWS
COME IN!



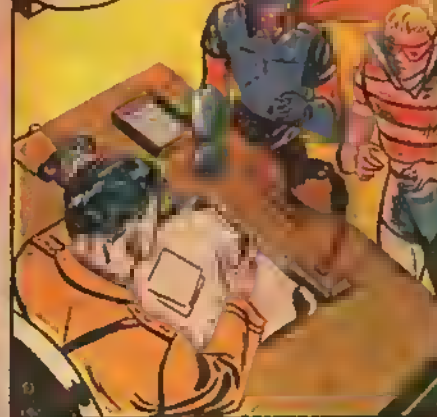
THERE ISN'T
ANY WAY
FOR US TO
LEARN
ABOUT
PLANES!

EXCEPT
TO WAIT
UNTIL
WE GROW
UP!



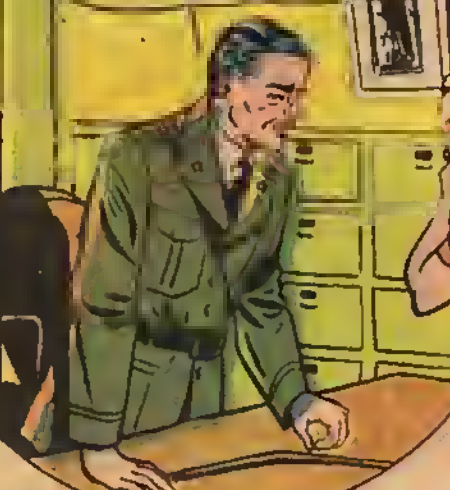
IT'D BE A KEEN
IDEA IF, SAY, THE
ARMY COULD
TRAIN US,
RIGHT
NOW!

SURE! WE'D
BE THE
FUTURE FLY-
ING CADETS
OF AMERICA!



I'M SORRY...BUT
WE'RE HAVING ALL WE
CAN DO RIGHT NOW TO
TRAIN ENOUGH MEN!

I APPRECIATE YOUR
MOTIVES, BUT-WELL-
FRANKLY YOUR IDEA
IS A LITTLE FAR-
FETCHED!



DAD, THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
JUST GOT
TO TELL
YOU... I...
I...



WELL,
WHAT
IS IT?

NEVER
MIND...I'VE
FORGOTTEN!



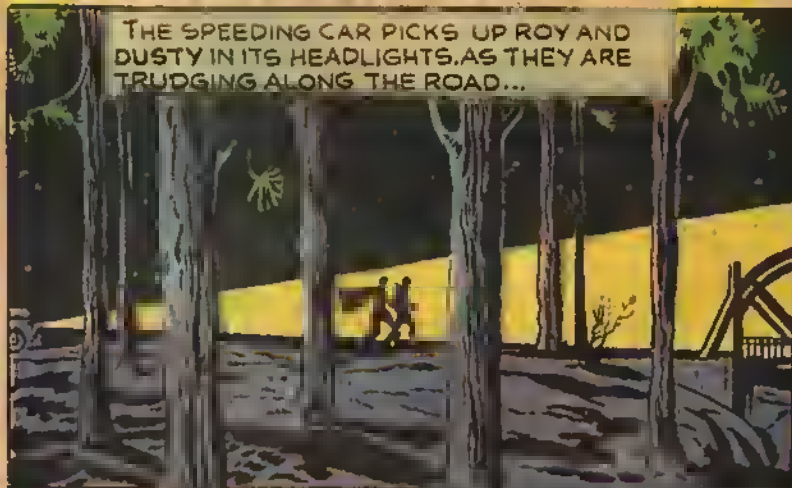
I COULDN'T TELL
HIM...I'D BREAK
HIS HEART!
I'M JUST A
COWARD!



I CAN'T GO UP TOMORROW...
I CAN'T SOLO!.. THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF
THIS MESS FOR ME!



THE SPEEDING CAR PICKS UP ROY AND
DUSTY IN ITS HEADLIGHTS, AS THEY ARE
TRUDGING ALONG THE ROAD...

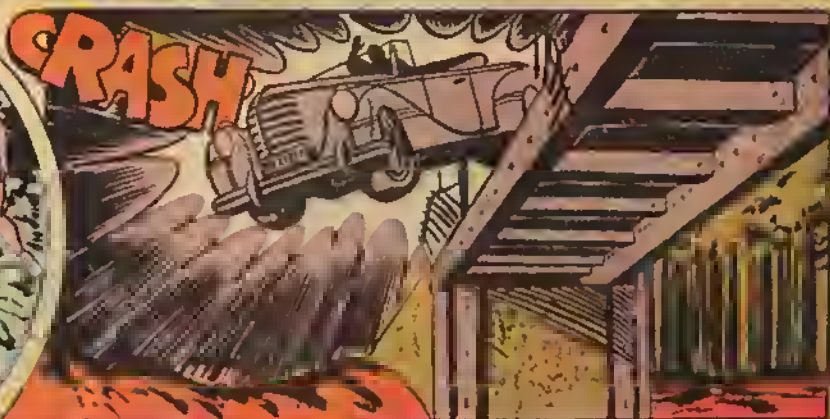


HEY!
WHAT'S
THE
HURRY?

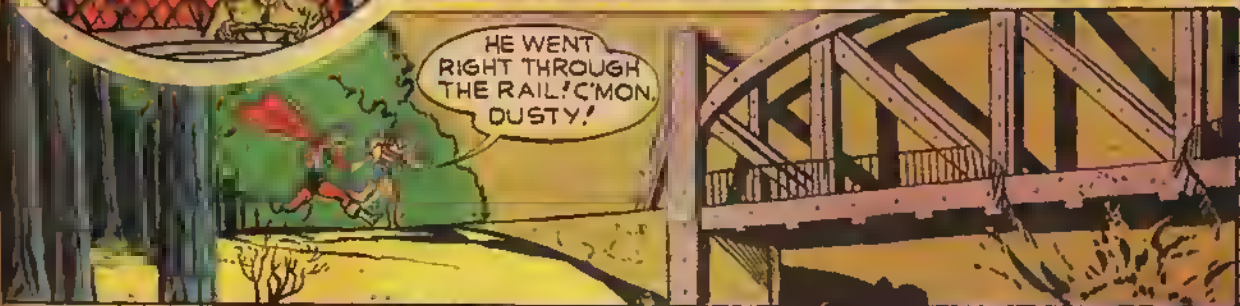
HE'S
HEADING
FOR THAT
BRIDGE?



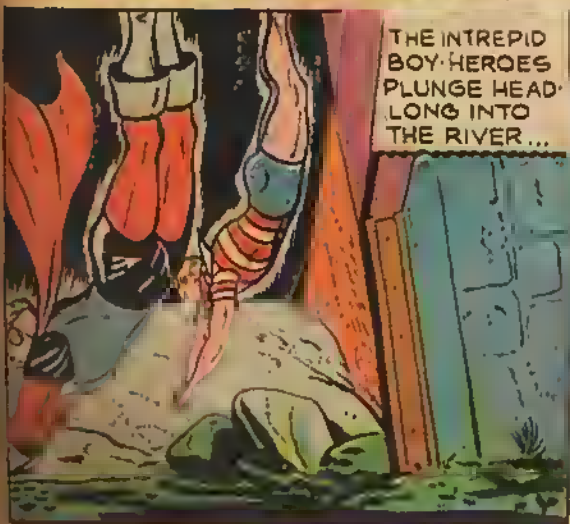
CRASH



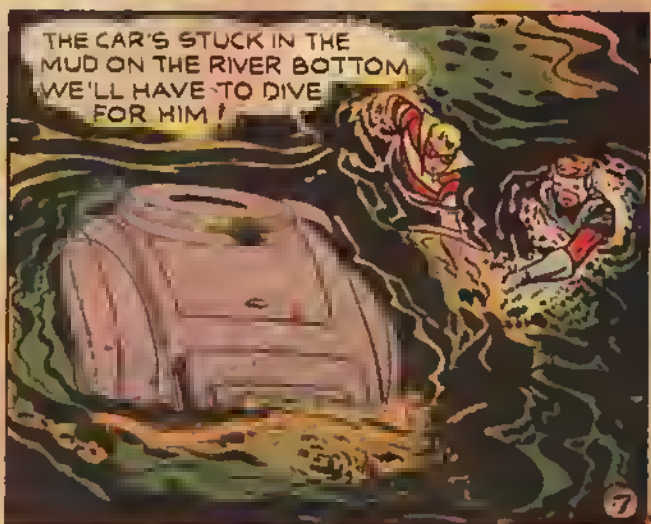
HE WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THE RAIL! C'MON,
DUSTY!



THE INTREPID
BOY-HEROES
PLUNGE HEAD-
LONG INTO
THE RIVER...



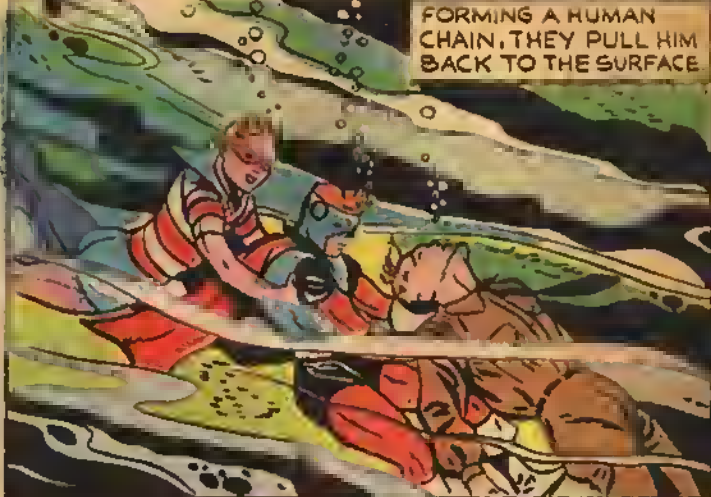
THE CAR'S STUCK IN THE
MUD ON THE RIVER BOTTOM.
WE'LL HAVE TO DIVE
FOR HIM!



SWIMMING LIKE EELS,
THE BOY BUDDIES
REACH THE IM-
PRISONED
AVIATOR...



FORMING A HUMAN
CHAIN, THEY PULL HIM
BACK TO THE SURFACE



SAY, DUSTY,
ISN'T THIS
MAJOR NEIL-
SON'S SON?

YEAH, AND HE
LOOKS MORE
DEAD THAN
ALIVE!



HE'S COMING TO...MISTER,
YOU JUST MISSED HAVING A
NASTY ACCIDENT!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND...IT WASN'T AN
ACCIDENT! I WANTED
TO DIE!



I'M SUPPOSED TO SOLO TO-
MORROW, AND I CAN'T DO IT!
I'M AFRAID! IT WAS BAD
ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS
AN INSTRUCTOR WITH ME, BUT
IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO FACE
ALONE. I COULDN'T BEAR THE
THOUGHT OF DISGRACING FATHER!

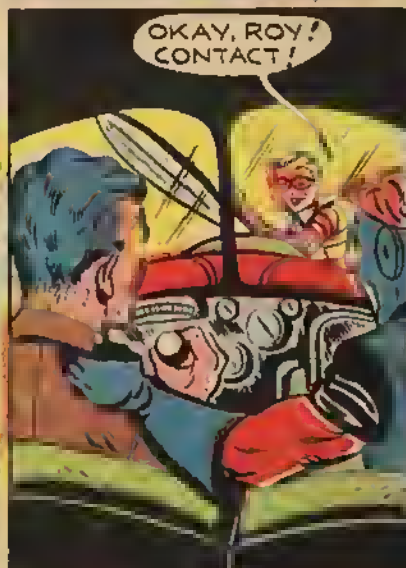
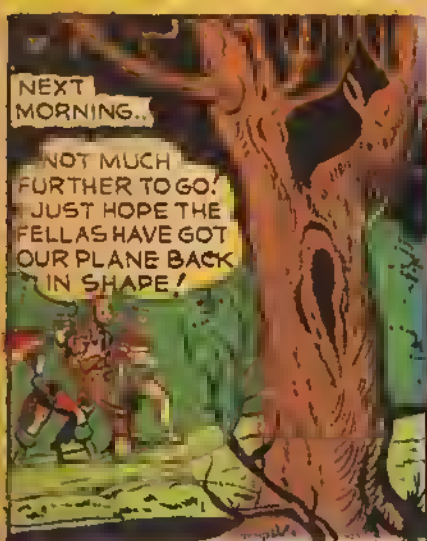
MISTER, YOU NEED
SOMEBODY TO TAKE YOU
IN HAND! WE'VE GOT JUST
THE THING FOR YOU TO
GET OVER YOUR FEAR
OF FLYING!

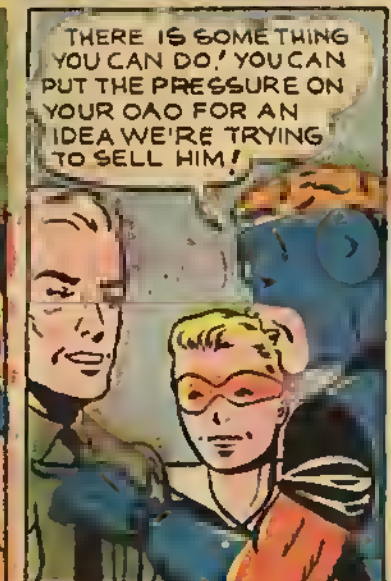
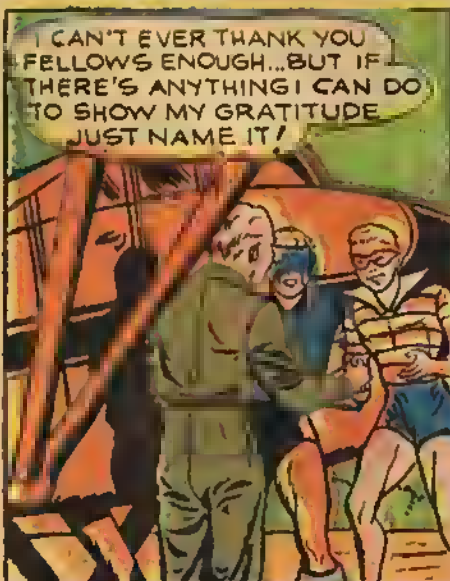
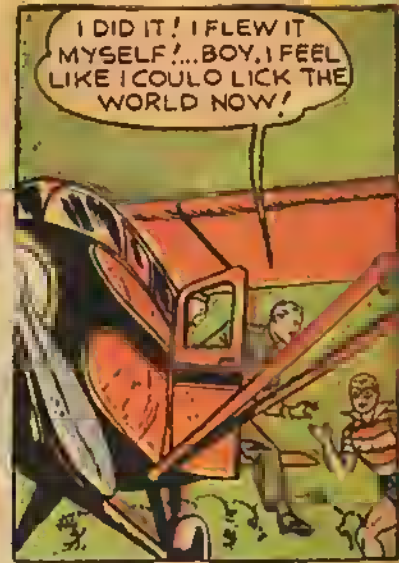


YOU'VE GOT A HIKE
AHEAD OF YOU, MISTER!
WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK
TO THE CAMPUS AND LET
YOU TRY YOUR
WINGS ON OUR
PLANE!

NO!









IN A STEEP ASCENDING
DIVE THE RYAN TRAINING
PLANE ROARS SKYWARD...

FLYING!...IT'S FUNNY
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID
ANY MORE!



BUT THE MAJORS
SON HAS GOOD REA-
SON TO BE AFRAID...UN-
KNOWN TO HIM, THE
ENGINE HAS SPRUNG
A LEAK...



THE MOTOR COUGHS AND
SPUTTERS...THE PLANE
DIVES, OUT OF CONTROL...



LOOK,
MAJOR!
SOMETHING'S
GONE WRONG!



QUICK! TELL HIM TO
BAIL OUT BEFORE HE
CRASHES!



I'M COMING
IN WITH THE
PLANE OR
NOT AT
ALL!

I COMMAND
YOU TO BAIL
OUT! SON.....
PLEASE SAVE
YOURSELF!



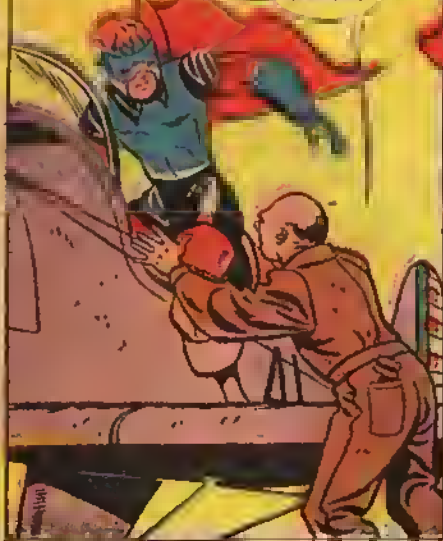
I'M
SORRY, SIR!
HE REFUSES
TO LEAVE
HIS PLANE.



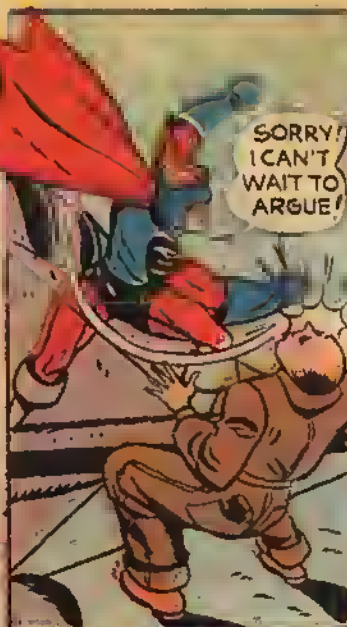
COME
ON, DUSTY
THIS IS
WHERE
WE TAKE
A HAND!



WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU CAN'T GO IN
THERE!



SORRY!
I CAN'T
WAIT TO
ARGUE!



ROY IS BLOCKED OFF BY
TWO MECHANICS...

GRAB
HIM!



GOTCHA!

NOT ME
YOU DOPE!
HIM!



LET 'ER RIDE,
OUSTY!

HOLD ON
TO YOUR
HAT! HERE
WE GO!

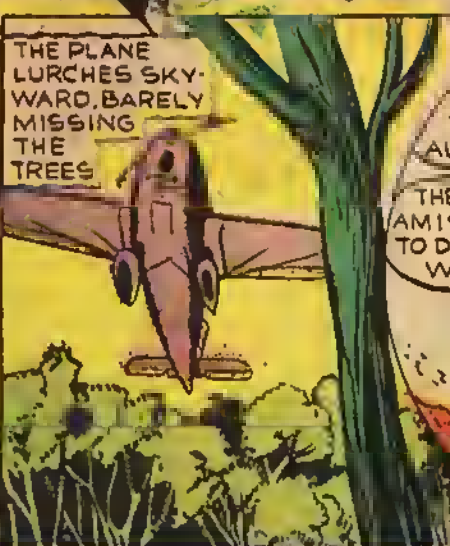


I HOPE THIS
PLANE WORKS
THE SAME AS
THE JALOPPY
WE BUILT!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN-
YOU
HOPE!

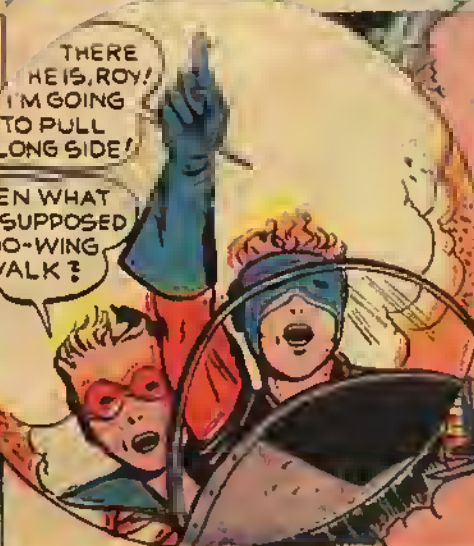


THE PLANE
LURCHES SKY-
WARD, BARELY
MISSING
THE
TREES



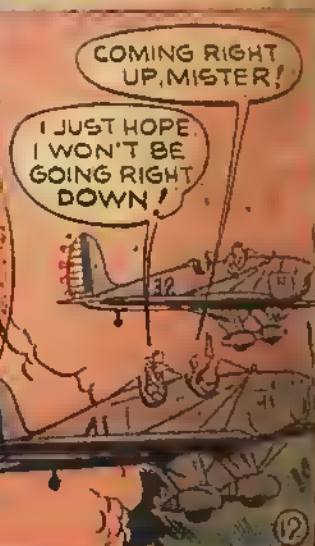
THERE
HE IS, ROY!
I'M GOING
TO PULL
ALONG SIDE!

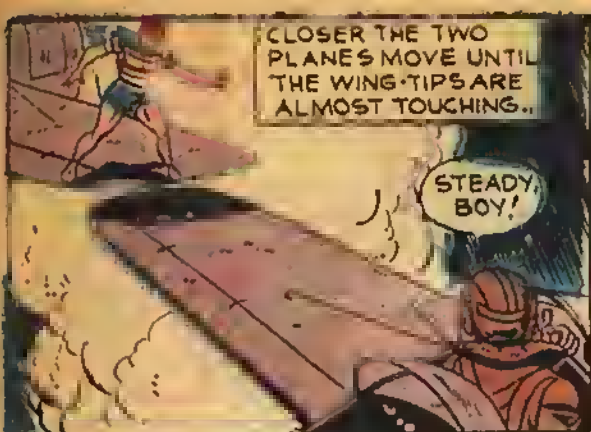
THEN WHAT
AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO-WING
WALK?



COMING RIGHT
UP, MISTER!

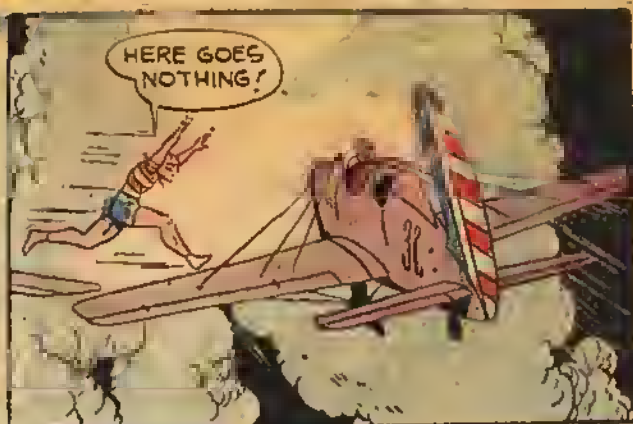
I JUST HOPE
I WON'T BE
GOING RIGHT
DOWN!





CLOSER THE TWO
PLANES MOVE UNTIL
THE WING-TIPS ARE
ALMOST TOUCHING..

STEADY,
BOY!



HERE GOES
NOTHING!



WHEW! THE GAS PIPE! SEE
MADE IT IF YOU CAN PLUG
IT! THAT LEAK!



ATHWART THE
WING, ROY
WORKS
FURIOUS-
LY...



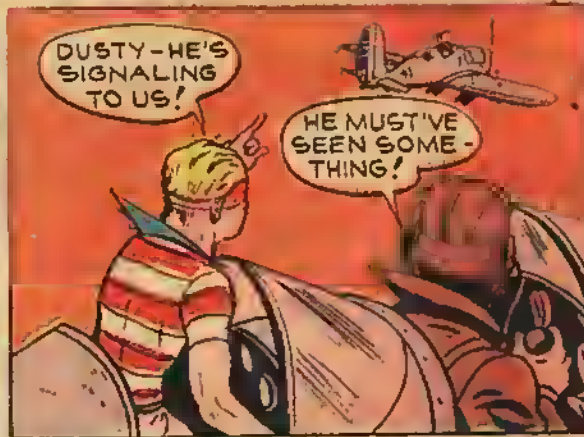
ON HANDS AND KNEES HE
CLIMBS BACK INTO THE
COCKPIT...

IT'S
ALL
FIXED!

WE'RE OUT
OF GAS, WE'LL
HAVE TO
LAND!



HOLY JOE! LOOK
AT THAT FOREST!
YOU COULDN'T EVEN
DROP A PENCIL BE-
TWEEN THOSE
TREES!

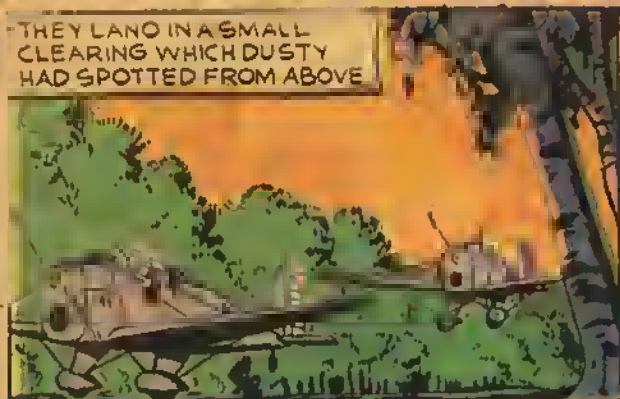


DUSTY-HE'S
SIGNALING
TO US!

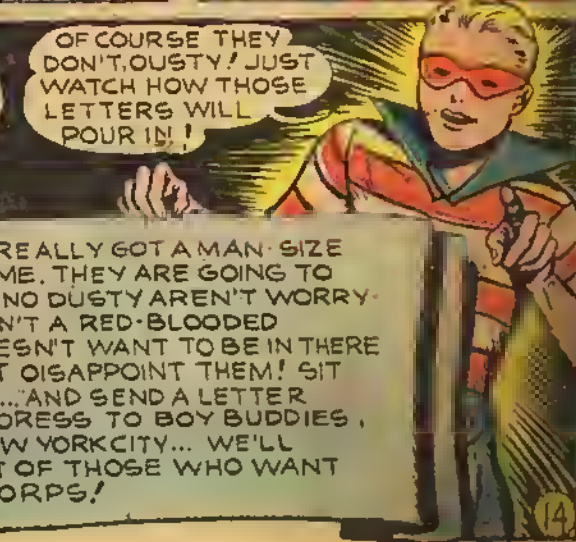
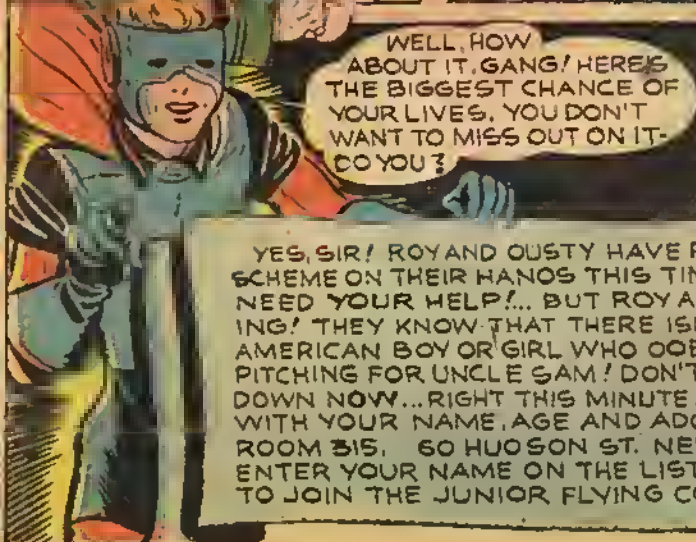
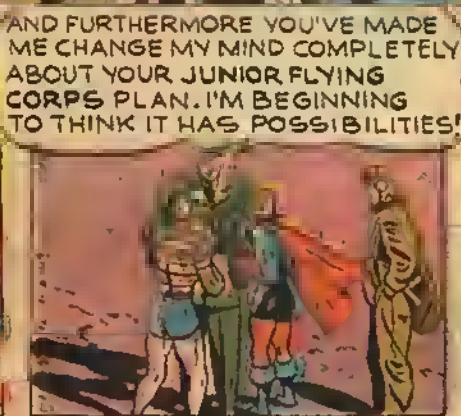
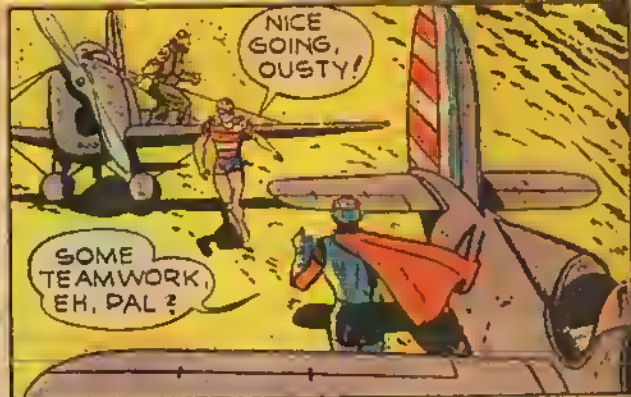
HE MUST'VE
SEEN SOME-
THING!

AS HIS MOTOR
QUITS, THE
MAJOR'S SON
SWINGS HIS
PLANE INTO
LINE BEHIND
DUSTY. IN A
LONG DESCEND-
ING GLIDE
THE TWO
PLANES
HEAD INTO
THE FOREST.





THEY LAND IN A SMALL CLEARING WHICH DUSTY HAD SPOTTED FROM ABOVE



YES, SIR! ROY AND OUSTY HAVE REALLY GOT A MAN-SIZE SCHEME ON THEIR HANDS THIS TIME. THEY ARE GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP!... BUT ROY AND DUSTY AREN'T WORRYING! THEY KNOW THAT THERE ISN'T A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY OR GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE IN THERE PITCHING FOR UNCLE SAM! DON'T DISAPPOINT THEM! SIT DOWN NOW... RIGHT THIS MINUTE... AND SEND A LETTER WITH YOUR NAME, AGE AND ADDRESS TO BOY BUDDIES, ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST. NEW YORK CITY... WE'LL ENTER YOUR NAME ON THE LIST OF THOSE WHO WANT TO JOIN THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS!



**C'mon—
BOYS·GIRLS
MEN·WOMEN**

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

Real Live CANARY



What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. **WRITE TO-DAY.** Sent Express Collect.



**BOTH
GIVEN**

**GUITAR-uke
AND
MANDOLIN**

Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. **BOTH GUITAR-uke and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.**



RADIO
Pocket Size
Needs no batteries or electrical connections
Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



GIVEN

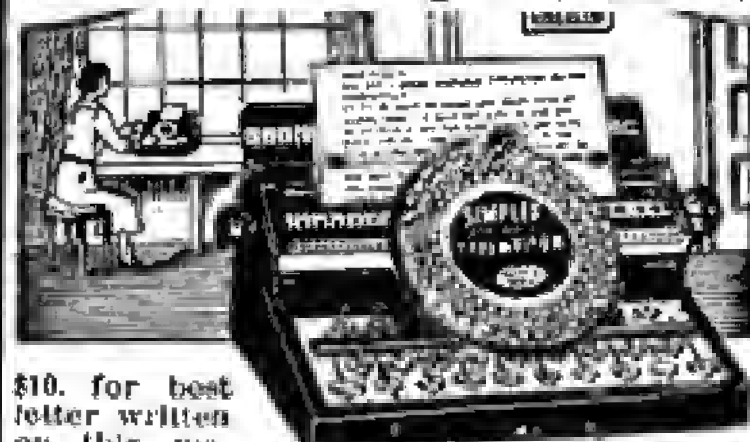
Set of 5 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. **GIVEN** for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

CANDID-Type CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. **WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**



PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



\$10. for best letter written on this machine. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.

LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH GIVEN



Sparkling enameled ivory case. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. **WRITE TODAY.**

Beautiful DINNER SET



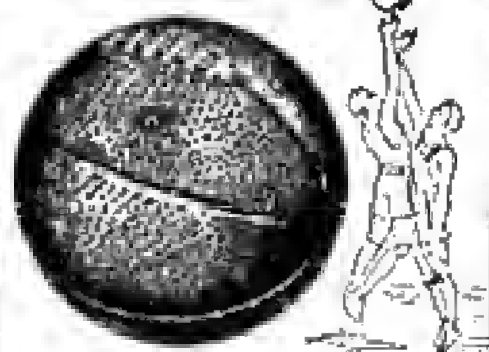
This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.



Crinkled BED SPREAD

Attractive Colors
The crinkled stripes are neatly worn in contrasting stripes. Size 80 x 90. Simply dispose of only 1 order.

Basket Ball GIVEN



Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 30 pkts. at 10 cts. each.



VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS

GIVEN

Handsome finish, highly polished. **POSITIVELY NOT A TOY.** Send no money. **GIVEN** for selling only 4 orders. **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.**

BLUE BIRD GRANITE GIVEN



Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. **WRITE TODAY.**

**SEND
NO
MONEY
—
WE
TRUST
YOU.**



**35th
Year**

A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT



Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. **GIVEN** for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. **WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**

**LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO.,
Station 390 Paradise, Pa.**

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

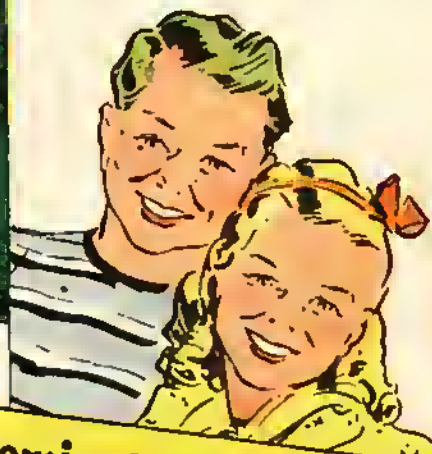
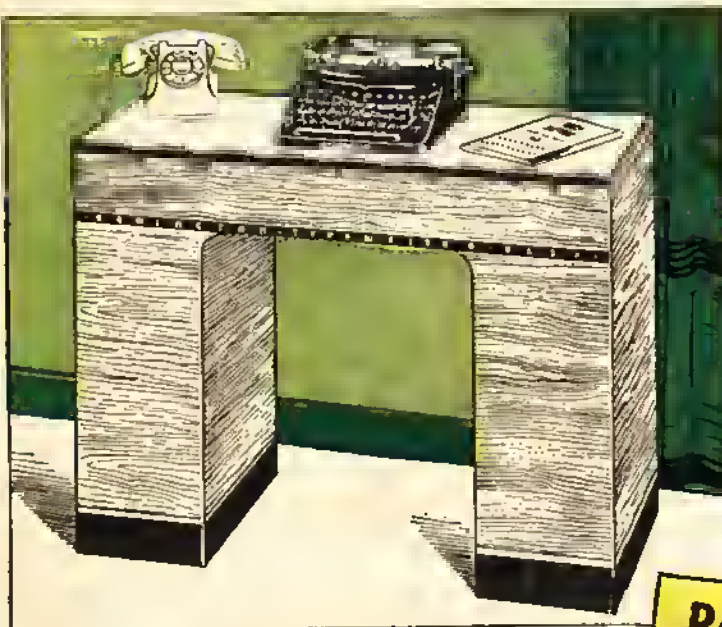
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card **TODAY.**

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU: LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release, double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse, tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide, writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 479-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about the Remington ten pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....